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ANNAE SCIENTIA VERITAS









# HOFFMAN;

OR,

A REVENGE FOR A FATHER.

*A Tragedy,*

BY

HENRY CHETTLÉ.

ACTED A.D. 1602.

PRINTED A.D. 1631.

NOW FIRST EDITED BY

H. B. L.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
London.

1852.



828  
C527 h.w  
1852

EP

"Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 29th day of desembr  
 "1502, to geve unto harey chettle, in pte of payment for a } s  
 "tragedie called Hawghman, the somme of . . . . . } v

In a note to this, in Mr. Collier's edition of the above work, he adds—"Hoffman, no doubt the Tragedy here meant, was printed anonymously in 1631; it has many merits." In the Shakespeare Society's Papers, Mr. Collier notices, in "Kemp's Nine Days Wonder," a tract edited by the Rev. A. Dyce for the Camden Society, an allusion to Chettle as the author of "Hoffman," under the title of the "Prince of the Burning Crown." Notwithstanding that he was a voluminous dramatic writer, this Play is the only one composed entirely by himself, that is known to us as existing either in manuscript or in print. This circumstance should not, however, be viewed as in any manner prejudicial to his merits as an author, when we consider that so many productions of other dramatic writers of acknowledged celebrity have been equally lost to posterity.

With regard to the Tragedy itself, I am disposed to follow the example of some of the most celebrated editors of our old Dramatists, and commit it to the press without venturing to offer any analysis of its merits or defects, but simply to endeavour to emancipate it from the rust and corruption of obscurity, which carelessness and barbarous ignorance have contributed to accumulate around its text; being well convinced, that among the number of those persons who may be disposed to peruse it, the friends of our early dramatic literature will readily discover and appreciate its merits, without my assistance; while its habitual disparagers will rather trust to their own sagacity, for the fullest detection of its defects. If, however, it should have the good fortune to be read by unprejudiced persons, I think I am not hazarding too confident an assertion in saying, that it will not be denied, by this class of readers, to possess a considerable degree of merit as a dramatic composition for the period in which it was written, and on that account worthy of being rescued from complete oblivion.

For the story or incident upon which the plot of this Play is founded, I have searched various authorities that seemed likely to have furnished it, and enquired of competent persons, but without success. In all probability it was taken, like most of the dramas of the Elizabethan age, from some tale, or collection of historic chronicles, real or fictitious, that formed part of the popular floating literature of the day; many of which, however, are now lost or

destroyed. From the close adherence in this Drama, to names appropriated to the locality where the circumstances are supposed to occur, as also to the correct designation of places still existing, it seems probable that its plot was taken from a translation of some local history; but whether true or fictitious, it appears impossible now to discover. It is an acknowledged fact, that attention to such minutiae as appropriate names and places, was almost invariably neglected by our old dramatists.

The leading circumstance of the story, viz., death by means of a burning crown, appears to have been no unusual mode of execution in former times upon traitors and rebels, in various parts of the Continent; an idea of the appropriateness of the punishment being conveyed by the following lines in this Tragedy:—

“He sought dignity;—  
 “Reason he should receive his desp’rate hire,  
 “And wear his crown, made flaming hot with fire!”

In a note appended to the celebrated line of

“Luke’s iron crown, and Damien’s bed of steel,”

in Bohn’s edition of Goldsmith’s works, mention is made of two brothers, Luke and George Zeck, who headed a rebellion in Hungary, one of whom suffered death in the above manner. In Menzel’s History of Germany, a Count Baldwin is said to have been executed under similar circumstances.

It is necessary for me to mention, that in my attempt to restore the text of the following Tragedy, where I have deviated from the original copy, such alterations are indicated in a note; and such additional words as are necessary to complete sense or metre, are placed between brackets. I must also hold myself responsible for the *Dramatis Personæ*, (which is not in the original,) for a considerable portion of the stage directions, and for the introduction of the scenes, which latter additions, however, may probably not prove satisfactory to certain lovers of the old Drama, who, I am aware, object to such interpolations, although the celebrated Gifford invariably introduced them in his editions.

I must also here take the opportunity of acknowledging my gratitude to the Rev. A. Dyce, who has materially assisted me in my endeavours to restore the text; and to I. P. Collier, Esq., who courteously referred me to such of his own writings as would afford me information relating to the author.

For the following particulars concerning Henry Chettle and his works, I am mainly indebted to the researches of E. F. Rimbault, Esq., in his edition of Henry Chettle's tract of "*Kind Heart's Dream*," reprinted for the Percy Society, 1841; and to those of I. P. Collier, Esq., in his edition of the "*Life and Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle," 1828, also to some scattered notices of his, in the Shakespeare Society's Papers, and the well-known *Diary of Henslowe*.

Henry Chettle was born about the year 1563-4, and was the son of Robert Chettle of London, a dyer. On Oct. 8, 1577, he was apprenticed to Thomas East, citizen and stationer of London, for eight years, commencing from Michaelmas of that year. This information is obtained from an entry in the register of the Stationer's Company, and we are indebted for this discovery to the indefatigable research of Mr. Collier. It is the more valuable, as it enables us to fix with tolerable precision the time of Chettle's birth; for by adding eight years to the above date, we arrive at the period when probably he became of age, and necessarily terminated his apprenticeship in 1585.

Six years afterwards, we find him a partner in a house in the printing trade, in connection with William Hoskins and John Danter, as appears by reference to Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*. In a tract entitled "*Have with you to Saffron Walden*," by Thomas Nash, 1596, and printed by him, there is a letter from Henry Chettle, introduced with the signature of "*Your Old Compositor*." Mr. Rimbault thinks from this circumstance, as well as from that of his not being able to discover more than one book bearing the name of Henry Chettle in the imprint in conjunction with his partners, that he did not long continue in that business.

In 1592, he produced a tract called "*Kind Heart's Dream*," a work of much merit, and which has been reprinted by Mr. Rimbault, for the Percy Society, 1841.

In the year 1597-8, we have the first record of his being concerned in theatrical matters. By a reference to the diary of Henalowe, the manager of the Rose Theatre, in Southwark, we have evidence of Chettle's close connection with that individual for a period of five years from the above date; during which, his name is connected with the production of no less than forty-seven plays. Sixteen of these were original, and of the other thirty-one, he is mentioned as having had only a share in the composition, in addition to various adaptations and alterations, which he is recorded to have made in the dramas of other authors. In addition to his capacity as an author, he appears to have been employed by the manager as a sort of dramatic literary hack; to alter or combine, increase or curtail various dramatic works, in order to render them popular, attractive, and more suitable to the taste of the day—an employment, for which his peculiar and versatile talents rendered him no doubt eminently qualified.

It must not however, be supposed that during these five years, his time being occupied so fully as has been described, he could have found leisure to write the sixteen original plays which he introduced to Henalowe's notice. He was thirty-five years old when his connection with the manager is first mentioned; during the fourteen years previous to that period, after the expiration of his apprenticeship, he may have composed these dramas. The manner in which he was employed, or by what means he obtained his livelihood during that period, are subjects which, until further information can be obtained, must remain entirely matters of conjecture.

In 1598, in acknowledgment of a debt due to Henalowe, he designates himself a stationer. The entry in the diary is as follows:—

“Be it knownen to all men, by these presents, that I, Henry Chettle of London, Stationer, doo ow unto Phelip Hinslow, of the parish of St. Saviours, the somme of IXL IXs., on this 22d of october, 1598. In witnes whereof, I have here under seat my hand

“HENRY CHETTLE,  
ROBT. SHAA.”

“Wytnesse

It is however, probable that he was a writer for the stage at an

earlier period than 1597, when his connection with Henslowe began. Meres mentions him, in his "*Palladis Tamia*," in 1598, as one of the best for comedy, which he would hardly have done had Chettle only just then commenced his dramatic career. In his "*Kind Heart's Dream*," produced three months after the death of his friend Robert Green, he speaks generally of his connection with the dramatic poets of that day, as if it were not newly formed.

The entries in Henslowe's diary previously alluded to, are exceedingly numerous; consisting principally of memoranda of small sums of money, from one shilling up to three or four pounds, advanced by Henslowe to Chettle, upon the deposit of manuscripts of plays, suitable for immediate performance, written either wholly by himself, or in conjunction with other celebrated dramatists of the day, and not unfrequently alterations of the works of other authors.

He seems to have been frequently in pecuniary difficulties, and always living from hand to mouth: on one occasion he was compelled to apply to his friend Dekker, the celebrated dramatist, to induce him to become security, to enable him to obtain a sufficient sum from the old manager to procure his discharge from prison, having been arrested by a person named Ingram, as we find from the following extract from Henslowe's diary:—

"Lent Thomas Dickers and harey chettell, the 2 of maye }  
 "1599, to discharge harey chettell of his areste from Ingrome, } XXs  
 "the somme of twenty shellyngs in Redy money. I saye lent }  
 "XXs."

On a previous occasion, Chettle's necessities had driven him into the Marshalsea prison in Southwark, not far from Henslowe's Theatre, when he had recourse to a similar expedient in order to obtain his release.

"Lent unto Thomas Downton, the XVI of Janewary }  
 "1598 to lend unto harey chettell to paye his charges in the } XXXs  
 "marshallesey the somme of" . . . . . }

In another part of the diary, 3 Nov. 1598, in the margin, and crossed out, we read as follows:—

"Lent H. Cett. vs. and ijs. and ijs. vs. ijd., and vs. ijd. for to  
"arreste one with Lord Lester, Lent H. Cet. js. 8d."

Mr. Collier adds in a note, "Possibly H. Cett. means Henry  
"Chettle, and that for some cause or another he had arrested one of  
"the players of the Earl of Leicester; though we hear of no com-  
"pany acting in 1598 under the name of that nobleman; the earldom  
"became extinct ten years before."

In 1601, according to the following entry, Chettle had entered  
into a bond to write, we may suppose, exclusively for the Earl of  
Nottingham's players, and had received £3 for so doing.

"Beginnings with a new Recknynge, with my lord of nottingames  
"men the 23d daye of february 1601, as foloweth :—

"Lent unto harye cheattell, March 25 at the apoynt-  
"ment of Thomas Downton, and my sonne E. Alleyn, } ijijli."  
"at the seallynge of H. Chettell's band to write for them  
"the somme of . . . . .

At the close of 1602, he wrote a prologue and epilogue for the  
court; on the 9th of May in the following year, occurs the last entry  
in which Chettle's name is mentioned, and at this period, the diary  
abruptly terminates.

In the same year, he published a tract upon the death of Queen  
Elizabeth, entitled *England's Mourning Garment*, wherein he speaks  
of "being young almost thirty years ago," and as having been witness  
of what passed at the Court at that period.

Owing to the termination of the diary, we lose sight of Chettle  
altogether in his dramatic career, nor are we able through any other  
sources to trace further particulars of him during the remainder  
of his life. Whether he continued to alter the plays of other  
authors, or to produce further original compositions, must now be a  
conjecture.

It seems however, tolerably evident that there remain not more  
than four years of his life to be accounted for, and that in or before  
1607 Henry Chettle had ceased to exist, having then arrived at the  
age of 44.



In the year 1607, Dekker published his tract entitled "A Knight's conjuring done in earnest discovered in jest," in which Henry Chettle is introduced, in company with other dramatic poets in the Elysian fields.

"Marlow, Greene, and Peele, had got under the shades of a large  
"vyne, laughing to see Nash (who was but newly come to their col-  
"ledge), still haunted with the sharpe and satyricall spirit that fol-  
"lowed him heere upon earth."

"He had ne sooner spoken this, but in comes Chettle, swearing  
"and blowing, by reason of his fatnes; to welcome whom, because hee  
"was an old acquaintance, all rose up, and fell presently on their knees,  
"to drink a health to all the lovers of Hellicon."

Chettle was also the editor of Green's posthumous work, "The groat's worth of wit," which was given out as the production of Nash, who, however in his tract of "Piers penniless," utterly disclaims any part in it.

By some it was attributed to Chettle himself, who, in an address prefixed to his "Kind heart's dream," denies that he had any hand in the work, further than preparing it for the press. This denial was called for, in consequence of certain persons feeling offended by allusions made to them, and suspecting that they were the forgeries of Green's editor. He complains much of the bad handwriting of Green, and of the difficulty he found in transcribing it, and adds, "Licensed it must be ere it could be printed, which it could never be, "if it might not be read." It is to be regretted that he had not an opportunity afforded him of editing his own play of Hoffman.

Mr. Collier in his introduction to the diary so often quoted, says, "It has never been remarked, that in July, 1602, Chettle was writing "the Danish tragedy, which may have been a revival of the old "Hamlet under a new name, in order to compete with Shakespear's "Hamlet, then in course of successful performance at the Globe "Theatre," and of which he considers 1601-2, the probable date. It will, I think, appear evident to the reader of the following tragedy,

that many passages may be found in it, which strongly remind us of Hamlet, as well as of other plays of Shakspeare.

Ritson attributes to Chettle, the following works :—

“The Pope’s pitiful lamentation for the death of his deere darling,  
“Don Joan of Austria, and death’s answer to the same, with an  
“epitaph upon the death of the said Don Joan, translated after the  
“French printed copy, by H. C., 1578.”

“A doleful ditty, or sorowful sonet of the Lord Darly, newew to  
“the noble and worthy King Henry the eight, and is to be sung to  
“the tune of Black and Yellow. Licensed Mar 24 1579.”

“The forest of Fancy, wherein is contained very prety apothegmes  
“and pleasaunt histories, both in meeter & prose &c by H. C. 1578.”

Now, as Chettle could not have been more than from 14 to 15 years old at the time of these dates, and as the same initials might be with equal propriety, assigned to two well known writers of that period, Henry Cheke and Henry Constable, it seems very improbable at such an early age that Chettle could be the author of the above works.

The following is a list of his dramatic works, according to Hen-slowe’s Diary :—

Sixteen original Plays, of which all except the last, are lost :—

1. Black Batman of the North, Part I. . . . .	1598
2. Woman’s Tragedy . . . . .	1598
3. ’Tis no Deceit to Deceive the Deceiver . . . . .	1598
4. Æneas’s Revenge, or Tragedy of Polyphemus . . . . .	1598
5. Sir Placidus . . . . .	1598
6. The Stepmother’s Tragedy . . . . .	1599
7. Damon and Pythias . . . . .	1599
8. The Wooing of Death . . . . .	1600
9. The Orphan’s Tragedy . . . . .	1601
10. Cardinal Wolsey, Part I. . . . .	1601
11. Cardinal Wolsey, Part II. . . . .	1602
12. Tobias . . . . .	1602
13. Jephthah . . . . .	1602
14. The Danish Tragedy . . . . .	1602

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 15. Robin Goodfellow . . . . .                                   | 1602                                   |
| 16. The Tragedy of Hoffman, or Revenge for a<br>Father . . . . . | 1602<br>Printed 1631<br>Reprinted 1852 |

Thirty-one Plays written by Chettle, in conjunction with others,  
all of which except four, are lost :—

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. The Spencers, by Chettle and Porter . . . . .   | 1596                                   |
| 2. The Vayvode, by Chettle and Downton . . . . .   | 1598                                   |
| 3 & 4. Earl Godwin and his Three Sons, 1st and 2nd Parts,<br>by Chettle, Drayton, Dekker, and Wilson . . . . . | 1598                                   |
| 5. Piers of Exton, by Chettle, Drayton, Dekker, and Wilson . . . . .   | 1598                                   |
| 6. Black Batman of the North, 2nd Part, by Chettle and<br>Wilson . . . . .                                     | 1598                                   |
| 7. The Conquest of Brute, by Chettle, Singer, and Day . . . . .  | 1598                                   |
| 8. Hot anger soon cold, by Chettle, Porter, and Jonson . . . . .   | 1598                                   |
| 9. Catiline's Conspiracy, by Chettle and Wilson . . . . .  | 1598                                   |
| 10. The Wars of King Hen. 1st, and of the Prince of Wales,<br>by Chettle, Drayton, and Dekker . . . . .        | 1598                                   |
| 11. The Funeral of Richard Cor de Lion, by Chettle, Munday,<br>Drayton, and Wilson . . . . .                   | 1598                                   |
| 12. Robert the 2nd, King of Scotland, by Chettle, Jonson,<br>and Dekker . . . . .                              | 1599                                   |
| 13. Troilus and Cressida, Chettle and Dekker . . . . .   | 1599                                   |
| 14. Agamemnon, by Chettle and Dekker . . . . .   | 1599                                   |
| 15. Patient Grisail, by Chettle, Dekker, and<br>Haughton . . . . .   | 1599<br>Printed 1603<br>Reprinted 1841 |
| 16. Arcadian Virgin, by Chettle and Haughton . . . . .   | 1599                                   |
| 17. The Seven Wise Masters, by Chettle, Dekker, Haughton,<br>and Day . . . . .                                 | 1600                                   |
| 18. Cupid and Psyche, Chettle, Dekker, and Day . . . . .   | 1600                                   |
| 19. All is not gold that glisters, Chettle and Rowley . . . . .  | 1600                                   |
| 20. Sebastian King of Portugal, Chettle and Dekker . . . . .   | 1601                                   |
| 21. Too good to be true, by Chettle, Hathway, and Smith . . . . .  | 1601                                   |
| 22. Femelanco, by Chettle and Robinson . . . . .   | 1602                                   |
| 23 & 24. Lady Jane, 1st and 2nd parts, by Chettle, Dekker,<br>Webster, Heywood, and Smith . . . . .            | 1602                                   |
| 25 & 26. The London Florentine, 1st and 2nd parts, Chettle<br>and Heywood . . . . .                            | 1602                                   |

# INTRODUCTION.

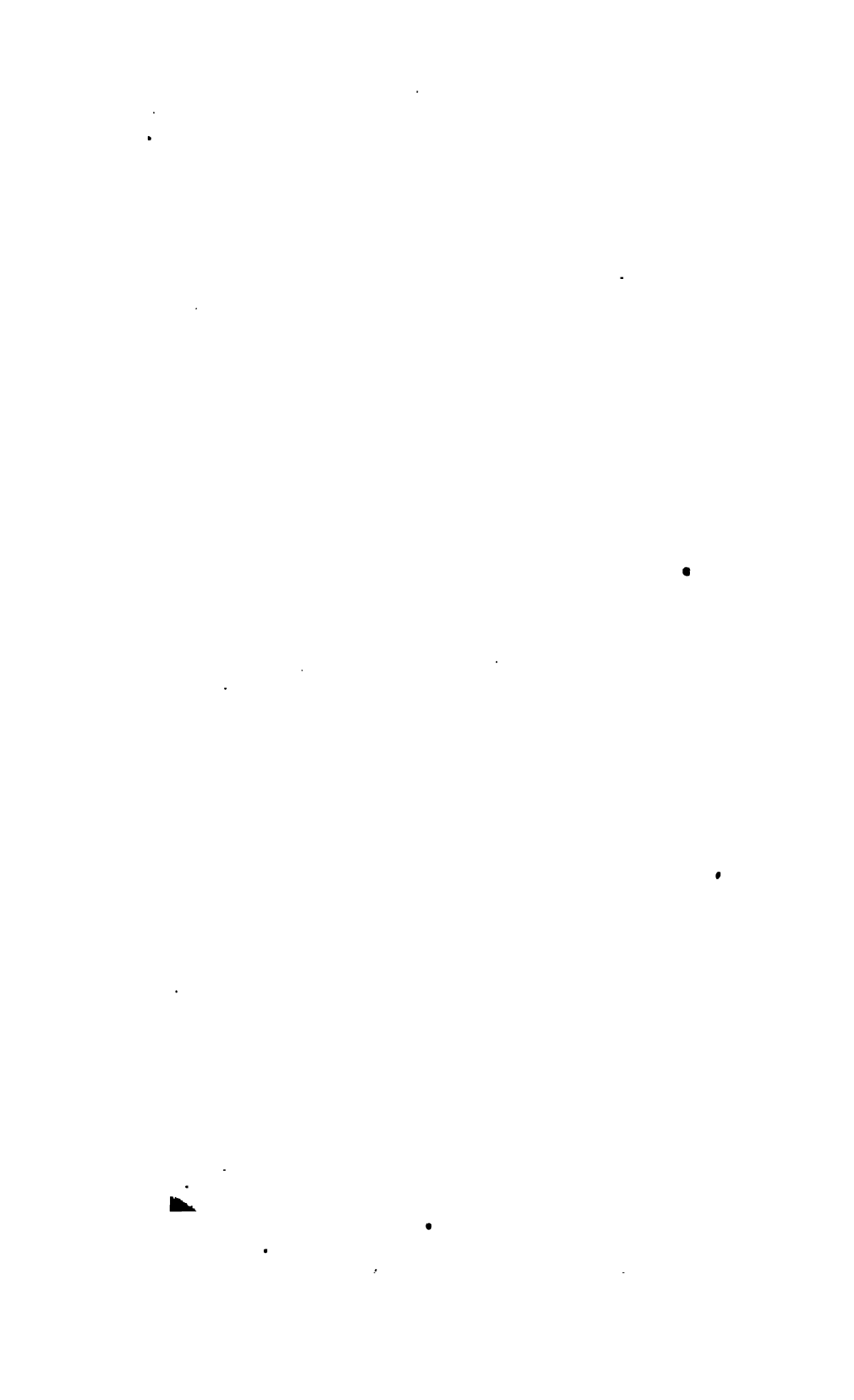
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27. Like quits like, by Chettle and Heywood . . . .	1603
28. Jane Shore, by Chettle and Day . . . .	1603
29. The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, } the 2nd part by Chettle and Munday }	1598 Printed 1601 Reprinted 1828
30. The Valiant Welchman, by Chettle and } Drayton . . . . . }	1598 Printed 1616
31. The Blind Beggar of Bethnal-green, by } Chettle and Day. . . . . }	1600 Printed 1659

H. B. L.

*London,*

1852.



THE  
T R A G E D Y  
OF HOFFMAN;

OR,

A Reuenge for a Father.

As it hath bin diuers times acted with great applause,  
at the *Phenix* in *Druery-lane*.

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LONDON:

Printed by *I. N.* for *Hugh Perry*, and are to bee sold  
at his shop, at the signe of the *Harrow*,  
in *Brittaines-burse*. 1631.

\* TO HIS MUCH-HONOURED FRIEND

MASTER RICHARD KILVERT.

---

SIR,

*I know you, and in that, your worth,  
which I honour more than greatness, in a patron.*

*This Tragedy, happening into my hands, I have  
now adventured it unto the prefs; and wanting both  
a parent to own it, and a patron to protect it, am fain  
to act the father's part, and have adventured to ad-  
dress it unto your worthy self; under whose wings, it  
flies for a new birth; it hath passed the stage already,  
with good applause; and I doubt not but from you,  
it shall receive a kind welcome, who have always been  
a true favourer of arts and learning, and from your  
self, I have received so many noble courtesies, that I  
shall always rest,*

*Yours to command,*

HUGH PERRY.

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\* The Publisher's Dedication.

## \* **Dramatis Personæ.**

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- ✓ **THE DUKE OF PRUSSIA**, *Ferdinand Heidelberg.*
  - THE DUKE OF SAXONY**, *John.*
  - ✓ **THE DUKE OF AUSTRIA.**
    - PRINCE RODERICK**†, *Brother to the Duke of Saxony.*
    - ✓ **PRINCE OTHO**, *Son of the Duke of Luneberg‡.*
    - ✓ **PRINCE JEROME**, *Son of the Duke of Prussia.*
    - ✓ **PRINCE MATTHIAS**,
    - ✓ **PRINCE LODOWICK**, } *Sons of the Duke of Saxony.*
  - KLAUS HOFFMAN**§, *Son to the deceased Hans Hoffman, formerly Vice-Admiral of the State of Luneberg, and Lord Governor of the Island of Bornholme.*
  - LORICK**||, *a favourite attendant of Otho, Prince of Luneberg.*
  - OLD STILT**, *a citizen of Dantzic.*
  - FIBS**, *another citizen of Dantzic.*
  - ✓ **TIMOTHY STILT**, *Son to old Stilt, and favourite attendant upon Prince Jerome of Prussia.*
  - THE DUCHESS OF LUNEBURG**, *Wife and afterwards Widow of the Duke of Luneburg, and Mother to Prince Otho.*
  - PRINCESS LUCIBELLA**, *Daughter to the Duke of Austria.*
- Lords, Attendants, Citizens, Soldiers, &c.*
- 

SCENE—At and in the neighbourhood of Danzig in Prussia.

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\* There is no *Dramatis Personæ* given in the 4to.

† 4to. gives "Roderigo, Roderick, and Rodrick"—passim.

‡ Lunenberge.

§ 4to. "Clois."

|| 4to. *Lorrique*, which is altered as being a French termination.





## ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

---

PAGE 4 line 2, "waft"—4to. reads "walk."

- 6 — 8, "would'st thou not"—4to. reads "and would'st not."
- 11 — 19, "guiltless"—*query* "guileless?"
- 14, the numbers of the notes are here misplaced; Nos. 2, 4, 5 in the text, refer respectively to Nos. 4, 5, 2, in the notes at the foot of the page. In note 3, for "headland," read "headlands."
- 15 — 16, "await"—*query* "attend" or "wait on?"
- 15 — 25, "proportion"—*query* "properties?"
- 16 — 7, "roomer"—*query* "Room her," i.e., give her space to right herself?
- 16 Note No. 8, Bornholme is an island in the Baltic, belonging to Denmark, but nearer to the coast of Prussia, than that of Denmark.
- 19 — 1, "Uncle I'll uncle thee"—*query* "cozen I'll cozen thee?"
- 19 After line 7, for "Rrussia" read "Prussia."
- 24 — 8, for "lacious"—read "lascivious."
- 24 — 24, "consuming"—*query* "confusing?"
- 25 — 22, "Mad Rod'rick"—*query* "What Rod'rick?"
- 25 — 24, "To use thee thus"—i.e., "to treat thee as such."
- 27 — 7, "*Point de vice*"—i.e., anything uncommonly exact, or constructed with nicety and precision."
- 27 — 26, For "by the Duke"—read "by the Duke's."
- 28 — 2, "speedy nimbleness"—*query* "sudden nimbleness?"
- 29 — 22, "rival"—*query* "equal?"
- 30 — 9, This is an error of the author's; Mathias could not be in company with the lady, whom we have just seen safely conveyed away in disguise with her lover.—*Vide* page 29, line 6.

# ADDENDA.

- PAGE 32 — 19, Number of note omitted here—2.
- 34 — 26, "In sooth"—4to. reads "by my troth"—unmetrical.
  - 35 — 7, "Let"—4to. reads "And."
  - 35 — 10, "What"—4to. reads "to."
  - 35 "*Enter MATHIAS, HOFFMAN, and LORICK.*" Here again is an error on the part of the author; Lorick is introduced here, and speaks; his exit is not noticed, and he re-enters at the close of the scene, appearing ignorant of what had occurred immediately after his first entrance.
  - 36 — 28, For "yor"—read "your."
  - 40 — 23, "Boy"—4to. reads "Nay boy."
  - 42 — 13, "Incident"—4to. reads "accident."
  - 46 — 20, "[be] aware"—*query* "beware?"
  - 51 — 1, For "wand'rers"—read "wond'rers."
  - 52 — 4, "he"—4to. reads "I."
  - 53 At the top of the page, for Act V. read Act IV.
  - 57 After line 13, for number 2, (for note), read 3.
  - 59 — 21, For "counsel"—read "counsel."
  - 59 — 27, "his"—*query* "its?"
  - 60 — 10, "recov'ry"—4to. reads "recover."
  - 71 — 13, "took"—for grammar we should read "ta'en."
  - 74 — 25, "untimeless"—so in the 4to.—read "untimely."
  - 83 — 9, "I fear'd for you"—4to. reads "fear'd you and."
  - 87 — 15, For "then now"—read "now then."
  - 88 — 20, "his"—4to. reads "the."

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The manifest haste and negligence with which Chettle wrote this tragedy, has rendered this attempt at a restoration of the text very unsatisfactory. It is extremely difficult, in the case of the present play, to distinguish between the errors of the printer, and those of the author; however allowable it may be to correct the blunders of the former, the propriety of altering those of the latter, it must be confessed, is, to say the least, very questionable. Many of the above readings are only offered as suggestions.

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## Hoffman ;

OR,

### REVENGE FOR A FATHER.

#### ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*A thick wood near the sea coast—A cave in the back-ground, with a curtain before the entrance—A storm—HOFFMAN, discovered solus.*

HOF. Hence, clouds of melancholy !

I'll be no longer subject to your fumes<sup>1</sup>.—

But thou, dear soul, whose nerves and arteries,

In death resounding<sup>2</sup>, summon up revenge,

Be but appeas'd<sup>3</sup>, and thou shalt have't,

(*He draws a curtain, and discovers<sup>4</sup> a skeleton hanging on a tree in chains, with an iron crown on its head.*)

Sweet hearse<sup>5</sup>,

Thou dead remembrance of my living father!—

And with a heart of iron<sup>6</sup>, swift as thought,

I'll execute<sup>7</sup> it justly. In such a cause,

<sup>1</sup> Old 4to. reads "fumes."

<sup>2</sup> 4to. "dead resoundings."—The skeleton rattles in the wind.

<sup>3</sup> 4to. "And thou shalt hate be but appeased."

<sup>4</sup> 4to. "He draws a curtain where appears a body."

<sup>5</sup> *hearse*, i.e. corpse, frequently used in that sense.—*Vide* Nares's Glossary.

<sup>6</sup> 4to. "as airc."

<sup>7</sup> 4to. "excuse."

St. R.T. - 4  
Glossary

Where truth leadeth, what coward would not fight?  
 Ill acts move some, but mine's a cause that's right.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

The pow'rs of heav'n, in apparitions  
 And frightful aspects, [seeming<sup>1</sup>] as incens'd  
 That I thus tardy am to do an act—  
~~Which justice and a father's death excite<sup>2</sup>,~~  
~~Like threatening meteors, indicate<sup>3</sup> destruction!~~

(*Thunder again.*)

Again?—I come, I come!  
 Be silent, thou effigies of fair virtue,

(*Addressing the skeleton which rattles from the  
 wind in its chains.*)

That, like a goodly scion<sup>4</sup>, wert pluck'd up  
 By murd'rous winds, infectious blasts, and gusts:  
 I will not leave thee, until like thyself  
 I've made thy enemies; then, hand in hand  
 We'll waft to Paradise. (*storm rages*) Again  
 more blasts?<sup>5</sup>

I'll to yon promont's<sup>6</sup> top, and there survey  
 What shipwreck'd passengers the Baltic<sup>7</sup> sea  
 Casts from her foamy entrails by mischance.  
 Roar, sea and winds! and with celestial fires  
 Quicken my projects, to thy<sup>8</sup> high desires!

*Enter LORICK, scrambling through some bushes.*

LOR. Yes, this is somewhat like! but, brambles,  
 you are too<sup>9</sup> busy; were I at Luneberg, and you  
 caught me thus, I should go near to ask you "at  
 whose suit?" but now I am out of scent<sup>10</sup>, and fear  
 no sergeants; for I think these woods and waters are

<sup>1</sup> 4to. "see" (placed in first line).      <sup>2</sup> 4to. "excites."  
<sup>3</sup> 4to. "antedates."      <sup>4</sup> 4to. "syen"—i.e., "twig," "graft."  
<sup>5</sup> 4to. "again more blest."      <sup>6</sup> i.e., promontory.  
<sup>7</sup> 4to. "Belgique."      <sup>8</sup> 4to. "with your."      <sup>9</sup> 4to. "to."  
<sup>10</sup> 4to. "sent."

commonwealths that need no such subjects; nay, they keep not a constable at sea, but a man's overwhelm'd without order.—Well, dry land, I love thee; though thou swarm'st with millions of devourers, yet hast thou no such swallower as the sea.  
 HOF. Thou liest!—there live upon the earth more beasts

With wide devouring throats than<sup>1</sup> can be found  
 Of rav'nous fishes in the ocean.

The huge Leviathan is but a shrimp,  
 Compar'd with our Balsena<sup>2</sup> on the land.

LOR. I'm of your mind,—but th' whale has a wide mouth

To swallow fleeting waters and poor fish.

HOF.<sup>3</sup> But we have epicures and cormorants,  
 Whom neither sea nor land can hardly serve;—  
 They feed them fat, while arms and honour starve:  
 Desert looks pale as death—like those bare bones!

(*pointing to the skeleton*)

LOR.<sup>4</sup> (*amazed*) Ha!—

HOF. See'st thou them, trembling slave? here were arms

That serv'd the trothless state of Luneberg<sup>5</sup>!

LOR. So do I, sir, serve the Duke's son of that<sup>6</sup> state.

HOF. (*aside*) Ha! ha! I laugh to see how dastard fear

Hastens the death-doom'd wretch to his distress!—  
 (*to LORICK*) Say, did'st thou serve the Duke of Luneberg?

LOR. His son Otho, sir. I'm a poor follower of his,  
 and my master is airing of himself at your cell.

HOF. Is he that 'scap'd the wreck young Luneberg?

LOR. Ay, sir, the same, sir: you are in the right, sir.

1 4to. "then."

2 "balsena," i.e. whale.

3 4to. gives this speech to Lorick. 4 4to. LOR. "Ha—amaz'd."

5 Luneberg, a province in Hanover, formerly one of the principalities of the German empire.

6 4to. "the."

HOF. (*aside*) Revenge, I kiss thee! vengeance,  
you're at liberty!—

(*to* LORICK) Would'st thou, having lost a father,  
as I have,

Whose very name dissolves my eyes to tears,—  
Should duty and thy love so different prove,  
Not to avenge his death, whose better part  
Was thine, thou his; when he fell, part of thee  
Fell with him; each drop being part thine own—  
Would'st thou not be reveng'd?

LOR. Yes, on<sup>1</sup> the murderer.

HOF. On him, or any man that is allied<sup>2</sup>—

Has but one ounce of blood of which he's part;—

(*points to the skeleton*)

He was my father. [Oh!] my heart still bleeds,  
Nor can my wounds be stopp'd, till an incision  
I've made to bury my dead father in.—

Therefore, without protraction, sighing or excuses,  
(swear to be true, to aid, assist me, not to stir or  
contradict me in any enterprise I shall now un-  
dertake, or hereafter.

(*He draws his sword, and threatens LORICK to  
compliance*)

LOR. (*kneeling*) I swear!

HOF. Were I persuaded that thou could'st shed tears  
As doth th' Egyptian serpent<sup>3</sup> near the Nile;—  
If thou would'st kiss and kill, embrace and stab,  
Then should'st thou live; for my inventive<sup>4</sup> brain  
Hath cast a glorious project of revenge:—  
E'en as thou kneel'st, wilt thou turn villain? speak!

LOR. Oh sir, when was I otherwise? From my  
creation nothing else; I was made of no other  
stuff, villainy is my only patrimony; though I be

1 4to. "upon."

2-4to. "is allied."

3 "serpent," i.e., crocodile.

4 4to. "invictive."

an irreligious slave, yet I bear a religious<sup>1</sup> name ;  
though I want courage, yet in talk I'll put them  
all down ; though I have nothing in me that is  
good, yet I'll——

HOF. (*He draws the curtain before the skeleton*)

Forbear ! thy lord is coming ; I'll go in,  
And royally provide for such a prince.  
Say, thou hast met the kindest host alive ;—  
One that adores<sup>2</sup> him with no less zeal,  
Than<sup>3</sup> rich men gold, or true religious, heaven.  
Dissemble cunningly, and thou shalt prove  
The minion of my thoughts, friend of<sup>4</sup> my love.

LOR. Well, sir, never fear me. (*Exit HOFFMAN*)

This is an excellent fellow, a true villain, fitter for  
me than better company. This is Hans Hoffman's  
son, that stole down his father's anatomy from  
the gallows at Luneburg : aye, 'tis the same ;  
upon the dead scull there is the iron crown that  
burnt his brains out. What will come of this, I  
neither know nor care ; but here comes my lord.

*Enter PRINCE OTHO.*

How fares<sup>5</sup> my most noble, my most honourable,  
my most gracious, yea, my most grieved prince ?

OTHO. 'Tis a fearful storm !

LOR. And full of horror !

OTHO. Trust me, Lorick, besides the inly grief  
That swallows my content, when I perceive  
How greedily the fierce unpitying sea  
And waves devour'd our friends,—  
Another trouble grieves my vexèd eyes  
With ghastly apparitions, strange aspects,  
Which either I do certainly behold,

1 i.e. "name of a saint." or more probably he means he has a  
reputation for religion.

2 ado-ers—trissyllable. 3 4to. "then." 4 4to. "of."

5 4to. "cheers."



Or else my soul, divining some sad fate,  
Fills my imaginary pow'rs with shapes  
Hideous and horrid.

LOR. My lord, let your heart have no commerce  
with that mart of idle imaginations; rouse up  
your nobleness to apprehend comfort, kindness,  
ease, and what otherwise,<sup>1</sup> so solitary a place as  
this can entertain. [The owner I] recollect, an  
antient subject of the state of Luneberg. 'Tis, I  
take it, the son to that Vice-Admiral that turned  
a terrible pirate.

✓ OTHO. Let us turn back into the sea again,  
✓ Yielding our bodies to the ruthless sound  
That hath divided us, and our late friends—  
✓ Rather than see Klaus<sup>2</sup> Hoffman!

LOR. Courage, brave Otho! he'll use thee kindly.  
Here he comes.---

*Enter HOFFMAN.*

Sweet host, here is the Duke's heir of Luneberg;  
do homage, and after entertain him and me his  
follower, with the most conspicuous<sup>3</sup> pleasures  
that lie in thy poor ability.

HOF. (*kneels and kisses the earth*) Before I speak to  
my most sacred lord,  
I join my soft lips to the solid earth,  
And with an honour'd benison<sup>4</sup> I bless  
The hour, the place, the time of your arrive;  
For now my savage life, led amongst beasts,  
Shall be turn'd civil by your gracious help.

OTHO. I see thy heart's true love drop down in tears:  
And this embrace shows I am free from fears.

(*Embraces HOFFMAN.*)

My disturb'd blood runs smoothly through my veins,  
And I am bold to call thee friend; bold to entreat

1 4to. reads "what otherwise entertained so solitary a place as this,  
"can the antient subject of the state of Leningberg collect."

2 4to. reads "choice." 3 4to. "conspicuous." 4 i.e., blessing.

Food; for by wreck I've lost ship, friends and meat.  
 HOF. (to LORICK) You, that attend my lord, enter  
 the cave;  
 Bring forth the homely cates<sup>1</sup> these hands pre-  
 par'd,  
 While I intreat his Excellence sit down.  
 (aside) Villain, bring nothing but a burning crown!  
 (Exit LORICK.)

OTHO. What's that thou bid'st him bring? a burning  
 crown?—

HOF. Still you suspect my harmless innocence?  
 What though your father with his pow'rful<sup>2</sup>  
 state,  
 And your just uncle Duke of Prussia,<sup>3</sup>  
 After my father had in thirty fights  
 Fill'd all their storehouses<sup>4</sup> with foemen's spoils,  
 And paid poor soldiers from his treasury,  
 What though, for these<sup>5</sup> his merits, he was named  
 A prescript outlaw for a little debt,  
 Compell'd to fly into the Baltic sound,  
 And live a pirate——

OTHO. Prithee, speak no more!—  
 Thou raisest new doubts in my troubled heart  
 By repetition of thy father's wrongs!

HOF. Then he was wrong'd, you grant, but not by  
 you!

You, virtuous gentleman,  
 Sat like a just judge of the under-shades;  
 And with an unchang'd Rhadamantine<sup>6</sup> look  
 Beheld the flesh, mangled with many scars,  
 Par'd from the bones of my offended father;  
 And when he was a bare anatomy,  
 You saw him chain'd unto the common gallows!

OTHO. Hoffman!

1 4to. "cakes." 2 4to. "with the power state."  
 3 4to. "Brusia." 4 4to. "treasures." 5 4to. "this."  
 6 Rhadamanthus; one of the three judges of hell.

HOF. Nay, hear me patiently, kind lord!

My innocent youth, as guilty of his sin,  
 Was in a dungeon hidden from the sun;  
 And there I was condemn'd to endless night,  
 Except I pass'd my vow, never to steal  
 My father's fleshless bones from that base tree.—

[Some one'——]

I knew not who it was, I guess your mother;  
 She kneel'd and wept for me (but you did not),  
 Beseeching from that vow I might be free.

Then did I swear, if Nature's sov'reign<sup>2</sup> power  
 Compell'd me to take down those naked bones,  
 I never would release them from these chains,

Never entomb them, but immediately

Remove them from that gallows to a tree.

I kept mine oath. Look, Luneberg, 'tis done;—

Behold a father hang'd up by his son!

*(He draws the curtain and shows the skeleton.)*

OTHO. Oh horrible aspect! Murd'rer, stand off!—

I know thou mean'st me wrong.

HOF. *(pointing to the skeleton)* My lord, behold  
 these precious twins of light<sup>3</sup>,

Burnt out, eclips'd! by day, whenas the sun

For shame obscur'd himself, this deed was done;

When<sup>4</sup> none but screech owls sung. Thou rëcep-  
 tacle

*(Addressing the skeleton.)*

[Of my dead father's spirit], thou organ of

The soul, rest, rest! and you, most lovely couplets,

[Ye] legs and arms, reside for ever here:—

This is my last farewell! What, do you weep?

*Turns to OTHO, and seizes him.*

OTHO. Oh Lorick, I'm betray'd! Slave, touch me  
 not!

1 A line must have dropped out here.

2 4to. reads "nations foreign." 3 i.e. eyes.

4 4to. "Where."

HOF. Not touch thee? yes! and thus trip down thy pride;

You plac'd my father in a chair of state,  
This earth shall be your throne! Villain, come forth, (*calling LORICK*)

And, as thou mean'st to save thy forfeit life,  
Fix on thy master's head my burning crown;  
While in these cords, I, in eternal bands,  
Bind fast his base and coward trembling hands.

(*While he is speaking, Enter LORICK, with the iron crown, which he has taken from the head of the skeleton, and made red hot—LORICK and HOFFMAN bind OTHO to the rock.*)

OTHO. Lorick, art thou turn'd villain to my life?

LOB. I will turn any thing, sir, rather than nothing  
I was taken alive<sup>1</sup>, [and] promised to betray you;  
and I love life so well, that I would not lose it for  
a kingdom, for a king's crown, an empire!

HOF. On with the crown!

*They force the crown upon the head of OTHO.*

OTHO. Oh! torture above measure!

HOF. My father felt this pain, when thou had'st pleasure.

OTHO. Thy father died for piracy!

HOF. Oh, peace!—

Had he been judge himself, he would have shown,  
He had been clearer than the crystal morn:

But wretches sentenc'd, never find defence,  
However guiltless be their innocence.

No more did he, no more shalt thou; no ruth  
Pitied his winter age, none helps thy youth!

OTHO. Oh Lorick! torture! I feel an Ætna burn  
Within my brains, and all my body else  
Is like a hill of ice; these Baltic seas,

<sup>1</sup> 4to. reads "was taken life."

That now surround us, cannot quench this flame.  
Death, like a tyrant, seizeth me unawares :  
My sinews shrink, like leaves parch'd with the  
sun,  
My blood dissolves, [my] nerves and tendons fail,  
Each part's disjointed, and my breath expires ;—  
Mount, soul, to heav'n ! my body burns in fires !  
*(He dies.)*

**LOR.** He's gone !

Hof. Let him go! Come, Lorick, this [is  
Nought] but the prologue to th'ensuing play;  
The first step to revenge; this scene is done:—  
Father, I offer thee thy murd'rer's son!

*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2.— *The presence chamber of the palace of the DUKE OF PRUSSIA, at Danzig.*

*A Flourish of trumpets, and enter the DUKE OF PRUSSIA (in mourning'), the PRINCES LODOWICK and MATHIAS, PRINCE RODERICK (disguised as a hermit) PRINCE JEROME, the PRINCESS LUCIBELLA, STILT, PAGES and ATTENDANTS.*

PRUS. Princes of Saxony and Austria,  
Though your own words are of sufficient weight  
To justify the honourable love  
That's borne by Lodwick to bright Lucibell ;  
Yet, since your parents live, and, as I hear,  
There is between them some dissension,  
Blame us not for detaining you thus long,  
Till we had notice how the business stood.

1 i.e., for his duchess.

LOD. Your royal entertain, great Ferdinand,  
 Exceeding expectation in our stay,  
 Binds us to thanks ; and if my brother please  
 To hold his challenge for a tournament  
 In praise of Lucibella's excellence,  
 No doubt our father and the Austrian Duke  
 Will be in person at so royal sport.

PRUS. We trust they will.

ROD. I do assure your grace,  
 The Austrian and the Duke of Saxony,  
 By true report of pilgrims at my cell,  
 From either of their courts, set hitherward  
 Some six days since.

PRUS. Thanks, Rod'rick, for these news ;  
 They are more welcome than the sad discourse  
 Of Luneberg our nephew's timeless wreck,  
 Which addeth sorrow to the mourning griefs  
 Abounding<sup>1</sup> in us for our Dutchess' death.

JER. Aye, truly, Princes, my father has had but hard  
 luck since your coming to his court ; for ought I  
 know, you are bred of ill weather, come before you  
 are sent for ; yet, if my most gracious father say  
 you are welcome, I, his more gracious son, take  
 you by the hands ; though, I can tell you, my  
 mother's death comes somewhat near my heart ;  
 but I am a prince, and princes have power more  
than common people, to subdue their passions.

MAT. We know your worthiness is experienced in  
 all true wisdom.

JER. True, I am no fool ; I have been at Wittemberg  
 where wit grows !

PRUS. Peace, thou unshapen honour, my state's  
 shame !

My age's cor'sive<sup>2</sup>, and my black sin's curse !  
 Oh, had'st thou never been, I had been then  
 A happy childless man !—now amongst men

<sup>1</sup> 4to. "abound."

<sup>2</sup> i.e., "corrosive."

I am the most unhappy :—one, that knows  
 No end of mine, or of my people's woes !  
 I tell you, Princes<sup>1</sup>, and most gracious maid, (*to*  
 LUCIBELLA)

I do not wear these sable ornaments  
 For Isabella's<sup>2</sup> death, though she were dear ;  
 Nor are my eyelids overflown with tears  
 For Otho of Luneberg, wreck'd in the Sound,<sup>3</sup>  
 Though he were all my hope ; but here's my  
 care,—

A witless fool must needs be Prussia's heir !

JER. Well, an you were not my father—s'nails<sup>4</sup>, an  
 I would not draw, rather than put up the fool,<sup>5</sup>  
 would I might never win this lady at tilt and  
 tournament : as knights, I defy you both for her ;  
 even you, Lodwick, that love her, and your brother  
 that loves you ! Look to me, Stilt, for<sup>6</sup> I have  
 practised these two days ;—'snails, (God forgive me  
 to swear,) she shall not be carried away so.

MAT. We are glad to hear your grace so resolute.

JER. As I am a prince and a duke's heir, though I  
 say it myself, I am as full of resolution as the  
 proudest of you all.

—LUCI. (*to JEROME, bantering him*) I thank Prince  
 Lodwick ; he has bound my youth  
 To be the conqueror's prize, and if my stars  
 Allot me to be yours, I shall<sup>6</sup> be proud :  
 For howso'er you seem not fashionèd  
 Like many<sup>7</sup> cunning courtiers, I protest  
 (By some small love I bear thee), in mine eye,  
 You're<sup>9</sup> worthy beauty, wealth and dignity.

1 4to. "Princesse." 2 i.e., being called a fool.

3 4to. Soun—Sound is any "in draught of water between two head-land," it generally signifies the passage between Sweden and Denmark, through which ships pass into the Baltic—Here it signifies the Gulf of Dantzic.

4 i.e., "his duchess."

5 a vulgar oath—"God's nails."

6 4to. "will."

7 4to. "me and."

8 4to. "and."

9 4to. "your."

JER. S'heart, who<sup>1</sup> would not unhorse Hercules for her favour<sup>2</sup>? I'll practise again at Dantzic, I<sup>3</sup> say, in the Duke's mead<sup>4</sup>. I'll meet thee Matthias, there's my glove for a gauntlet! Though my father count me a fool, you shall find me none.

*(Throws down his glove and exit.)*

PRUS. Would I might never find thee anything,  
For thou indeed art nothing in esteem :—  
My sad soul sinks with sorrow at thy sight!

*Enter LORICK.*

LOR. Health to the right gracious, generous, virtuous  
and valorous, Ferdinand Duke of Prussia.

PRUS. *(to RODERICK)* Hermit, dost thou not know  
this young man's face?

Is't not Lorick, that met us at thy cell  
With letters from our brother Luneberg?

ROD. It is that gentleman.

LOR. I am no less.

PRUS. Thou said'st thou wert my nephew's play-  
fellow,

Appointed to await his virtuous person ;  
How is it, then, thou wert so ill advised  
To take<sup>5</sup> the lead so, and forsake thy lord,  
Whom I have never seen, nor ever<sup>6</sup> may,  
Though in his life my hopes and comfort lay!

LOR. Be it known, right gracious, Lorick had never  
so little grace as to leave his loved lord, for  
weather or water, for torture or fire, for death or  
for life, since he<sup>7</sup> first came to move in a pilgrim's  
proportion,<sup>8</sup> much disguised, being so proper a  
man; but only for these six words—that I was  
sent wholly to give notice of his coming.

1 4to. "you."      2 4to. "father."      3 4to. "you."

4 "mead." i.e., meadow.

5 4to. reads "To take the land away"—a friend would read to  
"make for land."

6 4to, "nor never."      7 4to. "I."

8 Lorick plays on the words proper and proportion.



PRUS. But thou hast left him now, sunk in the sea!

LOR. I left the ship sunk, and his highness saved; for when all hope had left master and pilot, sailor and swabber<sup>1</sup>, I caused my lord to leap into the cock<sup>2</sup>; and for fear she should be sunk with too much company<sup>3</sup>, I capered out and cut the cable. "Rouse" quoth the ship, against the rocks; "roomer," cry I in the cock; my lord wept for the company, I laughed to comfort him; last, by the power of heaven, goodness of stars, kindness of winds, mercy of the waves, our cock and we were cast ashore under Reserhooft<sup>4</sup>. We clambered up, but having escaped drowning, were in danger of killing.

PRUS. Be brief: what there betided you?

LOR. Marry, my lord, a young villain, son of a damned pirate, a maid-ravisher——

PRUS. Be brief: what was he?

LOR. Klaus<sup>5</sup> Hoffman.

PRUS.

Oh, my heart!

Did the false rebel hurt his sov'reign's son?

LOR. No, my lord, the prince so houghed<sup>6</sup> and huffed him, that he had no other help but to his heels, and then, I, my good lord, being roe-footed, outstripp'd him in running, tripp'd him by strength, and in fine—finely cut his throat.

PRUS. Where is the villain's body?

LOR. Marry, even heaved over the scar<sup>7</sup>, and sent a swimming towards Bornholme<sup>8</sup>, his old habitation; if it be not intercepted by some seal, shark, sturgeon, or such like.

1 Swabber—i.e., cleaner of a ship's deck. 2 i.e., cock boat.

3 he plays upon the word company and ship's company.

4 4to. "Reeschopscurre"—Vide Wyld's maps—Reserhooft or Ruckshof, a small point at the entrance of the gulf of Dantzic.

5 4to. "Clois."

6 a play on the word Hoffman, to "hough" is to "slash."

7 scar, i.e., "cliff."

8 4to. Burtholme—Bornholme is an Island off the coast of Denmark.

PRUS. Where is our nephew?

LOR. He intends to stay at the same hermitage where I saluted your excellence with news of my Lord Excellency's intent to visit you, for that his apparel is somewhat sea sick, and he wants shift<sup>1</sup>.

PRUS. A chariot and rich robes attend Lorick,  
And his reward be thirteen hundred dollars,  
For he hath driven dolour from our heart.  
Princes, and Princess, in your kindest love,  
Attend our person to the hermitage;  
Where we shall meet the heir of two great states,  
Rich Luneberg and warlike Prussia. Otho  
Living, we'll disinherit our fond<sup>2</sup> son,  
And bless all Dantzic by our son elect.  
(to RODERICK) Hermit, you have at home a guest  
of ours,

Your little cell is a great prince's court;  
Had you been there, to entertain young Otho,  
He would have took your welcome thankfully,  
Where now he mourns for want of company.

ROD. I will go on before my gracious lord.

PRUS. Nay, I am jealous of my approaching joy,  
And fearful any eye but mine should gain  
The pleasure of my glad divining soul.  
Forward come all, in my delight take part;  
He that's now glad, adds joy to gladness' heart.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same as the first, HOFFMAN'S cave on the sea-coast.—The skeleton of OTHO in chains.—HOFFMAN discovered solus, gazing on it.*

HOF. If there live e'er a surgeon that dare say  
He could do better, I'll play Mercury,

1 For "shifting," a change of apparel.

2 i.e., foolish.

And, like fond Marsyas, the quacksalver flay<sup>1</sup>.  
 They<sup>2</sup> were a sort of filthy mountebanks,  
 Expert in nothing but in idle words,  
 Made a day's work with their incision-knives  
 On my oppress'd poor father; silly men<sup>3</sup>,  
 Thrusting their dastard fingers in his flesh,  
 That durst not, while he liv'd, behold his face.  
 I've fitted my anatomy  
 In a fair chain too. Father, this youth scorn'd,  
 When he was set on an ascending throne,  
 To have you stand by him: would he could see  
 How the case alters! you shall hang by him,  
 And hang afore him too, for all his pride.

*(He hangs the skeleton in chains, by the side  
 of that of his Father, upon the tree)*

Come, image of bare death, join side to side  
 With my long-injur'd father's naked bones!  
 He was the prologue to a tragedy,  
 That, if my destinies deny me not,  
 Shall pass those of Thyestes, Tereus,  
 Jocasta, or Duke Jason's jealous wife.

*(draws the curtain)*

So, shut our stage up; there is one act done,  
Ended in Otho's death; 'twas somewhat single;  
 I'll fill the other fuller, if Lorick,  
 That I have late sworn to be murther's slave,  
 Swears he will protest me to be Otho,  
 Whom Prussia, his uncle, unknown loves;  
If I be taken for him, well; Oh, then,  
 Sweet vengeance, make me happiest of all men!  
 Prussia, I come, as comets against change,  
 As apparitions before mortal ends!  
 If thou accept me for thy nephew, so!

<sup>1</sup> Here Chettle's acquaintance with classical mythology appears to have deserted him, in thus transferring to the messenger of Jove an act by all classical authorities attributed to Apollo.

<sup>2</sup> 4to. "There."

<sup>3</sup> 4to. "man."

Uncle, I'll uncle thee of thy proud life.  
Father, farewell! I'll to the hermitage,  
Where, if I be receiv'd for Luneberg,  
I will have thy dry bones sanguin'd all o'er  
With thy foe's blood. Rhamnusia<sup>1</sup>, help thy  
priest!  
My wrongs thou know'st, my willingness thou  
seest.

*Exit.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

---

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*The presence chamber in the palace of  
the DUKE OF BRUSSIA at Dantzic.*—*Enter PRINCE  
JEROME and STILT.*

JER. Come, Stilt, bestir your stumps; you know I  
must be a tilter.

STILT. Ay, my lord, I know you should be one;  
but I hope you are not so mad.

JER. What, do'st thou count it madness to run a  
tilt?

STILT. Ay, my lord; for you that cannot sit a  
hobby, you'll hardly manage a tilt horse.

JER. Why, they say, Stilt, that stone-mares are  
gentler; see if thou can'st get me one of them.

STILT. Not afore next grass. I could help you now  
to a stone mule, or a stone ass.

JER. Well, I'll try one course with thee at the half  
pike, and then go. Come, draw thy pike!

STILT. That's not your fit word; you must say,  
"advance your pike:" and you must be here,

<sup>1</sup> Rhamnusia, the goddess of vengeance.

sir, and there. sir,—you'll never learn for all my teaching.

JER. I have answered you, Stilt, that princes have no need to be taught; and I have e'en determined with myself not to run at tilt, lest I hazard my horse and harness; therefore I'll to the court, and only see my new cousin, that they said was drowned, and then retire to my castle at Helsen<sup>1</sup>, and there write a new poem that I have taken pains in, almost these ten years; it is in praise of picktooths.

STILT. That will be excellent, my lord; the barbers will buy those poems abominably.

JER. Nay, sirrah, I'll get a patent from the Duke my father, for that poem, "Cum Privilegio ad imprimendum solum:" besides, thou shalt have a privilege, that no man shall sell toothpicks without thy seal. My father says I am a fool, but I think I bestow my time [well] to look out for setting a new nap upon his threadbare commonwealth. Who's that knocks? who dares disturb our honourable meditation? Hark, Stilt, do'st thou see no noise?

STILT. No, but I hear a noise.

JER. (*takes a mirror from his pocket*) A hall<sup>2</sup> there! my father and my new cousin! Stand aside, that I may set my countenance right, to the "Mirror<sup>3</sup> of Knighthood;" for your "Mirror of Magistrates" is somewhat too sober. How lik'st me?

STILT. Oh, excellent, where's your casting bottle?

JER. (*takes a scent bottle from his pocket*) Sprinkle, good Stilt, sprinkle! for my late practice hath brought me into strange savour. Ha, mother of

1 Perhaps "Hela," a small town situate on a peninsula N.W. of Dantzic.—*Vide Wyld's Maps.*

2 "a hall," i.e. make room.

3 The "Mirror of Knighthood;" a romance,—the History of the Knight of the Sun; "Mirror of Magistrates;" a poem.

me, thou hast almost blinded the eyes of excellence! but, "*nota bene*," let them approach; now, an I appear not like a prince, let my father cashier me as some say he will.

STILT. Cashier you? no, do but manage your body, and have here and here your congees, and then "*quid sequitur?*" Stilt knows, and all the court shall see.

*Hautboys sound; and enter the DUKE OF PRUSSIA, leading by the hand HOFFMAN (as representing OTHO, PRINCE OF LUNEBERG); the PRINCES MATHIAS and LODOWICK, leading LUCIBELLA; LORICK, LORDS in attendance and PAGES. Coming near the chair of state, the DUKE OF PRUSSIA ascends, places HOFFMAN at his feet, and sets a coronet on his head. A flourish of trumpets, and a HERALD comes forward and proclaims.*

HERALD. Ferdinand, by the divine grace, Prince of Heidelberg, Lord of Pomer[ania]<sup>1</sup> and Duke of Prussia, for sundry reasons him moving, the quiet state of his people especially<sup>2</sup>, ~~as a witless and insufficient prince disinherits Jerome Heidelberg, his known son, and adopteth Otho of Luneberg, his sister's son, as heir, immediately to succeed after his death, in all his provinces.~~ God save Duke Ferdinand, and Otho his heir!

*(flourish of trumpets)*

PRUS. Amen; Heav'n witness how my heart is pleas'd

With the conceit of Prussia's after peace,  
By this election.

JER. Why, but hear you, father—

<sup>1</sup> The crown prince of Prussia is still called "Stadthalter of Pomerania."

<sup>2</sup> 4to. here interpolates "which."

PRUS. Away! disturb us not; let's in, and feast,  
For all our country in our choice is bless'd.

*Trumpets sound, and exeunt all but JEROME and STILT.*

JER. Why, but, Stilt, what's now to be done, Stilt?

STILT. Nay, that's more than I know; this matter  
will trouble us more than all your poem of pick-  
tooths. 'Snails'! you were better be unknighthed  
than unprinc'd; I have lost all hopes of prefer-  
ment, if this hold.

JER. No more, Stilt, I have it here; 'tis in my  
head, and out it shall not come, till red revenge  
in robes of fire, and madding mischief run and  
rave. They say I am a fool, Stilt; but follow me;  
I'll seek out my notes of Machiavell; they say he  
is an odd politician.

STILT. Ay, faith, he's so odd, that he hath driven  
even honesty from all men's hearts.

JER. Well, sword, come forth, and, courage, enter  
in;

Breast, break with grief, yet hold to be reveng'd!  
Follow me, Stilt; widows unborn shall weep,  
And beardless boys with armour on their backs,  
Shall bear us out. Stilt, we will tread on stilts,  
Throughout<sup>2</sup> the purple pavement of the court,  
Which shall be—let me see, what shall it be?  
No court, but e'en a cave of misery!  
There's an excellent speech, Stilt;  
Stilt, follow me, pursue me; we'll acquire,  
And either die, or compass my desire.

STILT. Oh, brave master, not a lord!

Oh, Stilt will stalk and make the earth a stage,  
But he will have thee lord, in spite of rage.

*Exeunt.*

1 Corruption of an oath, "God's nails."

2 4to. "Through."

SCENE II.—*The interior of the hermitage of Roderick. A chapel in the background, seen through the windows. Enter Roderick as a Hermit, and the Duke of Austria.*

ROD. Sir, since you are content, you here shall find  
A sparing supper, but a bounteous mind;  
Bad lodging, but a heart as free and generous  
As that which [e'er] is fed with gen'rous blood.

AUS. Your hermitage is furnish'd for a prince.

ROD. Last night, this roof cover'd the sacred heads  
Of five most noble, fair, and gracious princes.  
Duke Ferdinand himself, and Otho his nephew,  
The sons of Sax'ny, and the Austrian princess.

AUS. Oh God! that girl, which fled my court and  
love,

Making love colour for her heedless flight!

ROD. Pardon, great prince; are you the Austrian  
Duke?

AUS. Hermit, I am.—Sax'ny's proud wanton sons  
Were entertain'd like Priam's firebrand  
At Sparta; all our state gladly appeared<sup>1</sup>,  
Like cheerful Lacedæmon's, to receive  
Those dæmons<sup>2</sup> that with magic of their tongues,  
Bêwitch'd my Lucibell's, my Helen's ears.

(*A knocking without is heard.*)

ROD. Who travelleth so late? who knocks so hard?  
Turn to the east end of the chapel, pray;  
We're ready to attend you! (*opens the door*)

*Enter Duke of Saxony.*

SAX. Which is the way to Dantzic?

ROD. There is no way to Dantzic you can find,  
Without a guide thus late; come near, I pray.

<sup>1</sup> He refers to the celebrated adventure of Paris, at the Court of Menelaus, King of Sparta.

<sup>2</sup> Play upon words.



SAX. (*to SERVANTS, outside*) Look to our horses. (*to RODERICK*) By your leave, master hermit,  
We are soon bidden, and will prove bold guests.  
God save you, sir!

AUS. That should be Sax'ny's tongue.

SAX. Indeed, I am the Duke of Saxony.

AUS. Then, art thou father to lascivious sons,  
That have made Austria childless.

SAX. Subtle duke,  
Thy craft appears in framing thy excuse :  
Thou dost accuse my young sons innocence.  
I sent them to get knowledge, learn the tongues,  
Not to be metamorphos'd with the view  
Of flatt'ring beauty, peradventure painted.

AUS. No, I defy thee, John of Saxony!  
My Lucibell for beauty needs no art,  
Nor do I think the virtues of her mind  
Ever inclin'd to this ignoble course.  
But by the charms and forcings of thy sons.

SAX. Oh, would thou durst maintain thy words,  
proud duke!

(*draws his sword*)

ROD. I hope, great princes, neither of you dare  
Commit a deed so sacrilegious.

This holy cell

Is dedicated to the Son of Peace ;  
The foot of war never profan'd this floor ;  
Nor doth wrath here, with his consuming voice,  
Affright these buildings ; charity with pray'r,  
Humility with abstinence combin'd,  
Are here the guardians of a grievèd mind.

AUS. Father, we [do] obey thy holy voice.  
Duke John of Saxony, receive my faith :  
Till our ears hear the true course [that] thy sons  
Have taken with my fond and misled child,  
I proclaim truce. Why dost thou sullen stand ?  
If thou mean'st peace, give me thy princely hand !

(*gives his hand*)

SAX. Thus do I plight thee troth, and promise peace.

AUS. Nay, but thy eyes agree not with thy heart:

In vows of combination there's a grace

That shows th' intention in the outward face.

Look cheerfully, or I expect no league.

SAX. First give me leave to view awhile the person

Of this [same] hermit;---Austria, note him well:

Is he not like my<sup>1</sup> brother Roderick?

AUS. He's like him, but I heard he lost his life,

Long since in Persia, by the Sophi's wars.

ROD. I heard so much, my lords; but that report

Was purely feign'd, spread by my erring tongue

As double as my heart, when I was young.

I am that Rod'rick that aspir'd your throne,

That vile, false brother, who with rebel breath,

Drawn sword, and treach'rous heart, threaten'd  
your death.

SAX. My brother?---nay, then, 'faith, old John, lay by

Thy sorrowing thoughts, turn to thy wonted vein,

And be mad John of Saxony again!--

Mad Rod'rick, art alive, my mother's son,

Her joy and her last birth?---Oh, she conjur'd me

To use thee thus, and yet I banish'd thee!

*(embracing him)*

Body of me!--I was unkind, I know;

But thou deserv'dst it then;---but let it go.

Say, wilt thou leave this life, so truly idle,

And live a statesman? thou shalt share in reign,

Commanding all but me thy sovereign.

ROD. I thank your Highness, I will think on it:---

But for my sins this suff'rance<sup>2</sup> is more fit.

SAX. Tut, tittle tattle! tell not me of sin.--

Now, Austria, once again thy princely hand!

I'll look thee in the face, and smile, and swear

If either<sup>3</sup> of my sons have wrong'd thy child,

<sup>1</sup> 4to. reads "your."

<sup>2</sup> i.e. "endurance."

<sup>3</sup> 4to. "any."

I'll help thee in revenging it myself.—  
 But if, as I believe, they mean but honour,  
 (As it appeareth by these jousts proclaim'd,)  
 Then shalt thou be content to name him thine;  
 And thy fair daughter I'll account as mine.

AUS. Agreed!

SAX. Ah, Austria, 'twas a world when you and I  
 Ran these careers!—but now we're stiff and dry.

AUS. I'm glad you are so pleasant, my good lord.

SAX. 'Twas my old mood; but I was soon turn'd sad,  
 With over grieving for this long-lost lad;

(pointing to RODERICK)

And now, the boy is grown as old as I;  
 His very face is full of gravity!

ROD. [So] please your graces, enter:—

I know, the servants, that attend on me  
 By the appointment of Duke Ferdinand,  
 By this have cover'd<sup>1</sup>.

SAX. Why, then, let's in. Brother,—I trust as  
 brother,—

Hold you this hand.—Rod'rick, hold thou the other.  
 By heav'n, my heart with happiness is crown'd,

† In that my long-lost brother now is found!<sup>2</sup>

*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.—*An apartment in the palace of the*  
 DUKE OF PRUSSIA *at Dantzic.*—HOFFMAN *dis-*  
*covered (solus)*

HOF. So run on, fate!—my destinies are good,  
 Revenge hath made me great, by shedding blood.  
 I am suppos'd the heir of Luneberg,  
 By which I am of Prussia prince elect!  
 Good;—who is wrong'd by this? Only a fool;—  
 And 'tis not fit that idiots should bear rule.

<sup>1</sup> "Covered," i.e. covered the supper table.

<sup>2</sup> The late Mr. Charles Lamb has introduced the principal part of this scene in his "Specimens of English Dramatists," as the work of an unknown author. It is left to the reader's judgment to decide whether passages of greater merit might not have been selected from this Tragedy.

*Enter LORICK.*

LOR. My lord, I have, as you enjoined, enticed Saxony's elder son to talk with you; and here he comes, with his most excellent, amorous, and admirable lady.

HOF. Hast thou the hermit's weeds for my disguise?  
LOR. All ready and fitting, in the next chamber; your beard is *point device*, not a hair amiss.

HOF. Faithful Lorick, in thy unfaithfulness!  
I kiss thy cheek, and give thee, in that kiss,  
The moiety of all my earthly bliss.

*(Exit HOFFMAN.)*

LOR. Good! I am half a monarch, half a fiend;  
Blood I begun in, and in blood must end.  
Yet this Klaus is an honest villain; he has conscience in his killing of men; he kills none but his father's enemies and their issue.  
Yes; 'Tis admirable;—'tis excellent;—'tis well;  
Tis meritorious—where;—in heav'n?—no; in hell!

*Enter LODWICK and LUCIBELLA.*

LOD. Now, friend, where's Princee Otho?

LOR. Sad, sir, and griev'd!

LUCI. Why, prithee, why?

LOR. Alas! I know not why;—

The hermit Roderigo talk'd with him  
Somewhat of you, and somewhat of the Duke,  
About surprising you, and murd'ring Lodwick,  
Or such a thing; nay, sure 'twas some such thing!

*(pretending to meditate)*

LUCI. Surprising me, and murd'ring Lodwick?

LOD. By whom? by what complòt?

LOR. Sure, by the Duke; the Duke's an odd old lad!

I know, this night, there's set a double guard,  
And there's some trick in that; but patience;  
Here comes the hermit, holy rev'rend man!

*Enter HOFFMAN, disguised as a hermit, personating RODERICK, with some dresses under his arm.*

Somewhat important wings his aged feet  
With speedy nimbleness; heav'n grant that all be well!

HOF. Princes, in pity of your youth, your love,  
Your virtues, and what not, that may move ruth,  
I offer you the tender of your lives,  
Which yet you may preserve; but, if you stay,  
Death and destruction wait' on your delay,  
LOD. Who hath conspir'd our death? speak, rev'rend man!

HOF. ~~The Duke of Prussia, doting on this face,~~  
~~Worthy indeed of wonder, being so fair,~~  
~~This night hath plotted first to murder you:—~~  
~~The guard are set, that you may not escape,~~  
~~Within, without, and round about the court.~~  
~~Only one way, thorough Prince Otho's lodging,~~  
~~Is left; here is the key, and for more proof~~  
~~Of my great zeal and care, on with these robes;~~  
~~Within, are Grecian habits for your heads;~~  
~~Nay, if you love life, do not stand amazed,~~  
~~But take the path toward my hermitage.~~  
Yet, I advise you that you go not in;  
There may be [more] plots too, for aught I know;  
But turn down by the river, there's a way  
Leads to a little chapel; in that porch,  
Stay till I visit you with better news.

LOD. I will but call my brother, and then go.

HOF. That were a going never to return;

I'll send him after you, be well assured.

LUCY. Oh God! the Duke of Prussia grown thus false?

Such shows of friendship, and so little faith!

LOD. Come, Lucibella, let's embrace these means.

Duke Ferdinand shall, with a sorrowing heart,

Repent this base, dishonourable plot.  
 Father, our fortunes, if they sort aright,  
 Shall with continual thankfulness requite  
 This virtuous and this charitable care.  
 Farewell, we'll meet thee in the chapel porch :---  
 Bring Prince Mathias, our kind brother, thither,  
 And thou shalt add good works to charity.  
 Once more, farewell.---Lorick, there is for thee :

(gives LORICK money)

Commend me to thy lord ; tell him, this wrong  
 Of his false uncle shall meet full revenge ;  
 But do to him our duties. Come, chaste fair :---  
 We must not now by tilt and tournament  
 Maintain thy honour ; for thy champion knight  
 Is forc'd by treason to unwilling flight.

*Exeunt LODWICK and LUCIBELLA.*

HOF. (*throws off his disguise, and appears as OTHO,*  
 PRINCE OF LUNEBERG) So run to mischief!---Oh!  
 my dear Lorick,

When I have summ'd up my account of death,  
 And robb'd ~~those fathers~~ of their lives and joys,  
~~That robb'd me of my joy, my father's life,~~  
 Thus, thy hand clasp'd in mine, we'll walk and  
 meditate,

And boast in the revenges I have wrought.  
 That done, I'll seat thee by my throne of state,  
 And make thee rival in those governments  
 That by thy secrecy thou lift'st me to ;---  
 Shalt be a Duke, at least!

LOR. I thank your grace ;  
 But pray, resolve me, what you now intend  
 To these two princes, Lod'wick and Mathias,  
 And the thrice beauteous princess, Lucibell.

HOF. Death certain ;---

Call in Mathias ; if my plot prove good,  
I'll make one brother shed the other's blood.

LOR. I'm nimble as your thought :

Devise,—I'll execute what you command.

*Exit* LORICK.

HOF. A precious villain, a good villain too!  
Well, if he be no worse, that is, do worse,  
And honey me in my death-stinging thoughts,<sup>1</sup>  
I will prefer him. He shall be preferr'd——  
To hanging, per'dventure! why not? 'tis well,  
His suff'rance here may save his soul from hell.  
He comes.

*Enter* LORICK.

What news, my faithful servant, where's the prince?  
LOR. He's talking with the lady Lucibell;  
And when I said your Highness sent for him,  
He 'gan with courtly salutations  
To take his leave, and to attend your Grace.  
HOF. Well, God ha' mercy, friend, thou'st got me  
grace!

But more of that at leisure;—take this gown;  
My cloak! a chair! I must turn melancholy;—  
Second whate'er I say, approve my words,  
That we may move Mathias to mad rage.

*(sits down in a moody attitude)*

*Enter* MATHIAS.

MAT. God save your Excellence!—what, sad, dull,  
heavy?

Or are you now in meditation  
Which part to take to-morrow at the tilt?  
The mead is ring'd with tents of stranger knights,  
Whose rich devices and caparisons  
Exceed the Persian monarch's<sup>2</sup> when he met  
Destruction and pale death, sent from the sword

<sup>1</sup> This line, which presents an instance of bold and unnatural antithesis, is very obscure; the meaning appears to be, if he continue to second and to render practicable my designs, I will prefer him.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Darius.

Of Philip's son and his stout Macedons.  
Cheerly, Prince Otho! there's such warlike sight,  
That would stir up a leaden heart to fight.

HOF. For what?

MAT. For honour, and fair Lucibell!

HOF. Oh, Prince Mathias! it is ill combin'd,  
When honour is with fickle beauty join'd!  
Where's your most princely brother?

MAT. I cannot tell;  
I left him with his lovèd Lucibell.

HOF. But she has got another love:  
Dishonour'd all this rich assembly—  
Left the memorial of such infamy  
As cannot die, while men have memory!

MAT. How, pray you, how? what hath the princess  
done?

HOF. She, with a Grecian, is but new fled hence,  
Belike some other love of her's before!  
Our tilt and tournament is spoil'd and cross'd;  
The fair we should defend, her faith hath<sup>1</sup> lost!

MAT. Fled with a Grecian! Saw you them go,  
Prince Otho?

HOF. Ay, ay, I saw them go.

MAT. And would not stay them?

HOF. My true servant knows,  
How, at the sight of such inconstancy,  
My gentle heart was smit with inward grief,  
And I sunk down with sorrow.

MAT. 'Sdeath! what path?  
Which way? that I may track her harlot steps.  
Fled now? gone now? I'll go seek Lodowick!

HOF. Nay, then, you add an irreligious work  
To their lascivious acts; follow yourself;  
I and my man will bear you company.  
Lorick, as I think, thou nam'dst a chapel,  
A hermit, some such thing—I've lost the form.



LOR. I heard her say, she could not travel far;  
He told her, they would rest the dead of night  
Near to a chapel, by a hermitage.

MAT. Where is that chapel? where that hermitage?

If you love honour, princely Luneberg,  
Let's to that chapel, if you know the way,  
That I may kill our shame, ere it see day!

HOF. I'll guide you to the chapel, aid your arm  
In your revenge against that Grecian;  
But for the lady, spare her, she is fair!

MAT. I will do what I can. Oh, hell of life,  
Who but a fool would strive to win a ~~wife~~!  
Shall we call Lodwick?

HOF. No:—

'Twould smite his soul in sunder, split his heart,  
If he should hear of such adult'rate wrong.  
Cover the fault, or punish as you please;  
Yet, I would save her fame<sup>1</sup>, for she deserves  
Pity for [her] beauty.

MAT. For nothing,—no, nothing!

She is a harlot; ~~fair, like gilded tombs,~~  
~~Goodly without, within all rottenness;~~  
~~She's like a painted fire upon a hill,~~  
Set to allure the frost-nipp'd passengers,  
And starve them after hope; she is indeed,  
As all such strumpets are, ~~angel in show,~~  
~~Devil in heart!~~ Come, if you love me, go!

*Exit.*

HOF. Follow, Lorick! we are in the right way.

*Exit*

LOR. To hell, I fear:—tush, let all fear go by;  
Who'll shun a bad way, with good company?

*Exit.*

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

1 4to. "Faine."

2 vide St. Matthew c. 23, v. 27, "whited sepulchres."

## ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*The country, near Dantzic, in the neighbourhood of the hermitage. The outskirts of a wood, and a chapel.*

*Enter LODOWICK and LUCIBELL, disguised as Greeks.*

LOD. Are you not faint, divinest Lucibell?

LUCI. No; the clear moon strews silver in our path,  
And with her moist eyes weeps a gentle dew  
Upon the spotted pavement of the earth,  
Which softens ev'ry flow'r whereon I tread.  
Besides, all travel in your company,  
Seems but a walk made in some goodly bow'r,  
Where Love's fair mother clips<sup>1</sup> her paramour.

LUCI. This is the chapel; and behold, a bank  
Cover'd with sleeping flow'rs, that miss the sun!  
Shall we repose us, till Mathias come?

LUCI. The hermit soon will bring him; let's sit down;  
Nature or art hath taught these boughs to spread  
In manner of an arbour o'er the bank.

*(they recline upon a bank)*

LOD. No, they bow down, as veils to shadow you;  
And the fresh flow'rs, beguiled by the light  
Of your celestial eyes, open their leaves,  
As<sup>2</sup> when they entertain the Lord of day!  
You bring them comfort, like the sun in May!

LUCI. Come, come! you men will flatter, beyond  
mean!<sup>3</sup>

Will you sit down, and talk of the late wrong  
Intended by the Duke of Prussia?

1 4to. reads "strips." Clips, i.e., embraces.

2 4to. reads "and."

3 i.e., all reasonable extent.

Lod. Fairest, forget it ! leave't, till we are freed  
from hence !

I will defy him, and cause all the knights,  
Assembled for our purpos'd tournament,  
To turn their keen swords 'gainst his caitiff' head !

LUCI. (*taking his hand*) Prithee, no more ! I feel thy  
blood turn hot,

And wrath inflames thy spirit ; let it cease ;  
Forgive this fault, convert this war to peace !

Lod. O, Love's sweet touch<sup>2</sup> ! with what a heav'nly  
charm

Do your soft fingers my war-thoughts disarm !  
Prussia had reason to attempt my life,  
Enchanted by the magic of thy looks,  
That cast a lustre on the blushing stars.  
Pardon, chaste queen of beauty ! make me proud,  
To rest my toil'd head on your tender knee !  
My chin with sleep is to my bosom bow'd ;  
Fair, if you please, a little rest with me !

(*He reclines his head upon her lap.*)

LUCI. No, I'll be sentinel ; I'll watch, for fear  
Of ven'mous worms, or wolves, or wolvisn thieves.  
My hand shall fan your eyes, like the film'd  
wing

Of drowsy Morpheus ; and my voice shall sing  
In a low compass for a lullaby.<sup>3</sup>

Lod. I thank you ! I am drowsy ; sing, I pray,  
Or sleep ; do what you please ; I'm heavy, I !  
Good night to all our care ! Oh ! I am blest  
By this soft pillow, where my head doth rest !

(*Lodowick sleeps.*)

LUCI. In sooth, I'm sleepy too ; I cannot sing :  
My heart is troubled with some heavy thing.  
Rest on these violets, whilst I prepare

1 4to. "captive."

2 4to. "breath."

3 4to. "Lucibell."

In thy soft slumber to receive a share !  
 Blush not, chaste Moon, to see a virgin lie  
 So near a prince ! 'tis no immodesty :  
~~For when the thoughts are pure, no time, nor place,~~  
~~Have pow'r to work fair chastity's disgrace.~~  
 Lod'wick, I clasp thee thus ! so, arm clip arm,  
 Let sorrow fold them, that wish true love harm !  
*(She sleeps, embracing LODOWICK)*

*Enter MATHIAS, HOFFMAN, and LORICK.*

MAT. Ar't sure thou'st found them ?

LOR. Look ! are these they ?

MAT. *(draws and stabs LODOWICK and LUCIBELL)*  
 Adulterer ! strumpet !

Lod. Oh !

LUCI. Oh !

HOF. Inhuman deed ! what, kill them both !—

MAT. Both have abus'd our glory, both shall bleed.

LUCI. How now ? what have ye done ? my Lod'wick  
 bleeds !—

Some savage beast hath fix'd his ruthless fangs

In my soft body ; Lodowick, I faint !—

Dear ! wake, my Lodowick ! alas ! what means

Your breast to be thus wet ? is't blood, or sweat ?

Lod. Who troubles me ?

MAT. Brother !

Lod. Who's that ? Mathias !

MAT. I, accurs'd I !

Lod. Where's the good hermit ? thank him for his  
 love !

Yet, tell him, Ferdinand of Prusia

Hath a long arm ; some murderer of his

Hath kill'd us sleeping.

LUCI. Killed thee ? oh, no !

I trust, the careful Destinies deny

So hard a fate ; 'tis I alone am kill'd !

Come, Lod'wick, and close up my night-veil'd eyes,

That never may again behold the day !

(*MATHIAS draws and attempts to kill himself, but is prevented by HOFFMAN.*)

HOF. What means Mathias?

MAT. Hold me not, Prince Otho!

I will revenge myself upon myself,  
For fratricide,<sup>1</sup> for damnèd fratricide!  
I've kill'd my brother, sleeping in the arms  
Of the divinest form that e'er held breath!  
I've kill'd Love's queen, defac'd with my foul hand  
The goodliest frame that ever nature built;  
And driv'n the Graces from that mansion  
Wherein they have continued from their birth:—  
(She now being dead) they'll dwell no more on  
earth!

LOD. What mov'd you to it, brother?

MAT. Jealous rage—suspicion by Prince Otho  
That Lucibell had fled with a base Greek.

Oh me accursèd, I am born to shame!

HOF. But I am wretcheder, that on<sup>2</sup> the love  
Devoted to the house of Saxony,  
Have thus begot this monster cruelty.  
I lay within an harbour, whence I saw  
The princess and yourself, in this disguise,  
Departing secretly my uncle's court;  
I judg'd you for a Greek, as you appear'd;  
Told Prince Mathias of your secret flight;  
And he, led on by fury, follow'd you  
Where, thus deceiv'd<sup>3</sup> by night and your attire,  
Hath robb'd your heart of life, his own of joy.

MAT. Forgive me, brother! pardon, fairest maid!

And e'er the icy hand of ashy death  
Fold yor fair bodies in his<sup>4</sup> sable veil,  
Discover why you put on this disguise?

LOD. To 'scape the lustful Duke of Prussia,

1 4to. reads "parricide."  
3 4to. reads "deceased."

2 4to. "from."  
4 "This."

Who purposèd this night to murder me,  
And ravish her, whom death hath made his prey,  
My Lucibell, whose lights are mask'd with clouds,  
That never will be clear'd.

HOF. My uncle? Fie!

Who buzz'd into your ear<sup>1</sup> this damnèd lie?

Lod. It is no lie!

LUCI. No lie!—'tis true, 'tis true!

The rev'rend hermit Rod'rick told it us.

HOF. The hermit is a villain, damn'd to<sup>2</sup> hell,  
Before the world's creation, if he said  
My princely uncle purpos'd such a thought!  
Look to the princess, there is life in her!  
Cheer up your heart, Prince Lod'wick—courage,  
man!

Your being of comfort may recover her,—  
While I bring forth the hermit, and disprove  
This false assertion. Rod'rick is a slave,  
A vile and irreligious hypocrite,  
No hermit, but a devil, if he dare  
Affirm such falsehood of Duke Ferdinand!

*Enter RODERICK, the DUKE OF SAXONY, and the  
DUKE OF AUSTRIA.*

ROD. Roderick is not as you report him, sir,  
Nor did he e'er belie Duke Ferdinand.

HOF. Ne'er did?<sup>3</sup> Why, then, did you maliciously  
Advise Prince Lod'wick and fair Lucibell  
To fly the Prussian court this dismal night?

ROD. Who, I?—I spake not with them!

Lod. Yes, you did!

SAX. Where was't that he spake with you? tell us,  
where?

Lod. At Dantzic, in the Duke of Prussia's court.

SAX. Who heard him, besides you?

Lod. The Princess Lucibell.

1 4to. "head."

2. 4to. "in."

3. 4to. "no did."

LUCI. As heav'n shall help my fleeting soul, I did !

AUS. Why speaks my dukedom's hope in hollow sounds ?

Look up, fair child ! here's Saxony, and I,

Thy father, Lucibella ! look on me !

I am not angry that thou fled'st away,

But come to grace thy nuptials ; prithee, speak !

LUCI. Father, I thank you ! Lod'wick, reach me thy hand !

How cold thou art ! death now assails our hearts,

Having triumphed o'er the outward parts.

Farewell awhile ! we die, but part to meet

Where loves are certain, pleasures endless-sweet !

Father, this latest boon of you I crave,

Let him and me lie in one bed and grave.

(*she swoons*<sup>1</sup>)

AUS. Ah me ! oh, miserable, wretched me !

Lod.<sup>2</sup> Hover a little longer, blessèd soul !

Glide not away too fast ; mine now forsakes

Its earthly mansion, and on hope's gilt wings,

Will gladly mount with thine, where angels sing,

Celestial ditties to the King of kings !

Brother, adieu ! your rashness I forgive.

Pardon me, father ! pardon, Austria !

Your daughter is become a bride for Death,

The dismal eve before her wedding day !

Hermit, God pardon thee ; thy double tongue

Hath caus'd this error, but, in peace, farewell !

He that lifts us to heav'n, keep thee from hell !

(*he dies*)

ROD. Oh, strange conjecture ! what should move this  
prince

To charge me with such horrid cruelty ?

MAT. I'll tell thee, hypocrite !

1 4to. reads "moritur," which is a mistake, as she appears alive afterwards.

2 The whole of this speech is written as prose.

SAX. Stay, Mathias, stay!  
 It is thy uncle Rod'rick; and besides,  
 My honour and Duke Austria's shall be gag'd!  
 He never parted from our company,  
 In his own hermitage, since day declined,  
 And glimm'ring twilight usher'd in the night.

HOF. Not from his hermitage?

AUS. Not he!

HOF. Is't possible?

AUS. By heav'n, he did not!

HOF. Then there is villainy, practice,<sup>2</sup> and villainy!

Mathias hath been wrong'd, and drawn to kill

His nat'ral brother, with him to destroy

The rarest piece of nature's workmanship;

No doubt by practice and base villainy!

The hermit not at court? Strange—wonderous!

SAX. Oh for my son, and Austria's worthy child!

AUS. Thou weep'st in scorn, and ev'ry<sup>3</sup> tear of thine

Covers a smile. Saxony, I defy

All truce, all league of love;—guard thee, proud duke!

Thy sons have made me childless.—I'll have thee

Consort in death with my wrong'd girl and me!

(*The DUKES OF SAXONY and AUSTRIA draw and fight. HOFFMAN draws and pretends to part them; in doing so, as if by accident, he stabs the DUKE OF AUSTRIA, who falls*)

HOF. Help, Prince Mathias—hermit!—Oh, the heavens!

The Austrian Duke sinks down upon the earth!

AUS. Proud John of Saxony, hast thou no wound?

SAX. Not any, Austria, neither touch'd I thee.

AUS. Somebody touch'd me home.—Vain world, farewell!

Dying, I fall on my dead Lucibell!

(*He dies, and falls on LUCIBELLA*)

1 i.e. "pledged to prove." 2 For treacherous deceit. 3 4to. "very."



SAX. (*to* HOFFMAN) Sir, what are you, that take on you to part?

It's by your weapon that the Duke has fall'n.

HOF. If I thought so, I'd fall upon this point!

(*showing his sword*)

But I am innocent of such an ill.

Kill my good kinsman, Duke of Austria!

Then were Prince Otho of Lun'berg set down  
In sad Despair's black book, to rave and die!

But I am free from such iniquity.

SAX. Are you Prince Otho of Luneberg?

ROD. He is, and heir apparent to Duke Ferdinand.

SAX. May be, the moon deceives me, and my grief,

(*As well in the distinguishing of sounds,*

(*As sight; I have heard of young Luneberg,*

(*And seen him too, at Hoffman's overthrow;*

(*to* HOFFMAN) He look'd not like you, neither  
spake like you.

MAT. Father, 'tis he! Lorick, his man, attends him:

That fellow who is all compos'd of mirth.

Of mirth? oh, death! why should I think of  
mirth,

After so foul a murder? Come, lend hands,

To give this princely body fun'ral rites,

That I may sacrifice this hand and heart

For my peace off'rings on their sepulchres!

SAX. Boy, thou shalt not leave old Sax'ny childless

For all this sorrow! Prince, if thou'rt<sup>1</sup> Otho,

Help in my son, with noble Austria!

Lod'wick shall be my burthen.—Brother, yours

The lovely but the luckless Lucibell.

So;—tread a heavy measure; now, let's go,

T' inter the dead, our hearts being dead with woe.

*Exeunt* HOFFMAN, DUKE OF SAXONY, and MATHIAS,  
*bearing the bodies of the* DUKE OF AUSTRIA *and*  
LODOWICK—RODERICK *remains alone with* LUCI-  
BELLA.

<sup>1</sup> 4to. "and if."

ROD. There's life in Lucibella, for I feel  
 A breath, more odoriferous than balm,  
 Thirl<sup>1</sup> through the coral portals of her lips ;  
 Apparent signs of life her pulses beat :—  
 Oh, if I could but yet recover her,  
 'Twould satisfy the state of Austria,  
 That else would be disturb'd for want of heirs !  
 Heav'n be propitious, guide my artless hand,  
 To preserve fainting life in this fair form !  
 Grant this, thou soul of all divinity,  
 And I will strive, whatever mortal may,  
 To serve thee on my knees, both night and day !

( *He takes the body of LUCIBELLA in his arms,  
 and is carrying her out, when enter HOFFMAN* )

Tarry, Prince Otho ; see the bodies balm'd !  
 HOF. I pray you, think me not in passion<sup>2</sup> dull ;  
 I must withdraw and weep ; my heart is full.  
 Oh, rev'rend man, thou bear'st the richest fruit  
 That ever fell in its unripen'd<sup>3</sup> spring !  
 Go, lay her soft—she had ill fate to fall ;  
 But rich, or fair, or strong, death swallows all !

*Exit RODERICK, bearing LUCIBELLA.*

Ho, Lorick !—leave our horses, and draw near.

*Enter LORICK.*

Help me to sing a hymn unto the Fates,  
 Compos'd of laughing interjections !  
 LOR. Why, my good lord, what accidents have chanc'd  
 That tickle so your spleen ?

HOF. Oh, my dear self,  
 Thou trusty treasurer of my revenge,  
 Kneel down, and at my bidding kiss the earth,  
 And in her cold ear whisper this strict charge,  
 That she provide the best of her perfumes,

1 Thirl, an old form of "thrill." 2 For commiseration, sympathy.

3 4to. "in the unripened spring."

The fat of lambs rapt<sup>1</sup> from the bleating ewes,  
 The sweetest-smelling wood she can devise,  
 For I must offer up a sacrifice  
 To blest Occasion that hath seconded  
 With means oppòrtune my desire of wreak<sup>2</sup>!

LOR. (*stoops and kisses the ground*) Now I have  
 kiss'd the earth, let me partake  
 In your great joy, that seems t' exceed [your  
 hopes.]

Are Lodowick and the Princess murder'd ?

HOF. 'Tis done!—go, hie thee to Duke Ferdinand;  
 Tell him how misadventure and mistrust  
 Hath kill'd Prince Lod'wick and bright Lucibell,  
 By Prince Matthias' hand ; add to that chance,  
 Another unexpected incident ;—  
 Say that the Dukes of Austria and Saxony  
 Being by the hermit Rod'rick entertain'd,  
 And hearing outcries in the dead of night,  
 Came and beheld the tragic spectacle ;  
 Which sight did so enrage the Austrian Duke,  
 That he assail'd the Saxon, but fell slain  
 On his pale daughter, now deflow'r'd by death.

LOR. Is Austria, then, slain by Saxony ?

HOF. Come, come,—he's dead ; either by him or me,—  
 No matter ;—he is gone :—there's more to go !—  
 Run with the news,—away !

*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Palace of the Duke of Prussia, at Dantzic.*

*Enter STILT, and a rabble of beggarly looking Soldiers ; OLD STILT, his father, with his scarf like a Captain ; and FIBS.—A scurvy march [is played].*

STILT. Father, set you the army in array, while I  
 invoke the general folks<sup>3</sup>!—Fibs ! foremen,

1 "Rapt," from Lat. "raptus," snatched.

2 Wreak, i.e. revenge.

3 4to. "Foulkes," (as if a proper name.)

and friends all; officers all! help to marshall! Prince Jerome, my lord, shall remunerate; that is, shall be full of thanksgiving, while nature is able to nourish or sustain. Father, you have order to stay; the rest, be sententious, and full of circumstance, I advise you; and remember this, that more than mortality fights on our side, for we have treason and iniquity to maintain our quarrel.

OLD STILT. Ha! what say'st, my son?—treason and iniquity?

STILT. Reason and equity I meant, father: there's little controversy in the words!—but like a captain courageous, I pray, go forward; remember the place you are in, no more but this,—the days of old, no more but that,—and the glory, father, knighthood at least, to the utter defacing of you and your posterity;—no more, but so!

*Exit STILT.*

OLD STILT. Well, go thy ways; thou art able to put fire into a flint stone;—thou hast as rheumatic a tongue to persuade, as any is between Pole and Pomer<sup>1</sup>; but thou art even kith after kind: I am thy father, and was infamous for my exprobations to discourage a dissembly of tall soldiers, afore thou wert born; and I have made them stand to it, tooth and nail:—how say you, most valiant and reprobate countrymen, have ye not heard I have been a stinger, a tickler, a wormer?

FIBS. Yes! noble ancient<sup>2</sup>, Captain Stilt, you have removed men's hearts; I have heard that of my father, (God rest his soul,) when you were but one of the common soldiers, that served old Sarlois<sup>3</sup> in Norway.

1 *i.e.* Poland and Pomerania.

2 Ancient means "an officer," an "ensign."

3 Probably a corruption of Sir Louis.

OLD STILT. I then was, and Sarlois was, a gentleman [who] would not have given his head for the washing; but he is cut off, as all valiant cavaleros shall [be], an they be no more negligent of themselves. But to the purpose; we are dissembled together, and fallen into battle beray, in the behalf [of] Prince Jerome, a virtuous prince, a wise prince, and a most disrespectful prince; my son Timothy's master, and the unlawful heir of this land. Now, sir, the old Duke has put out a declamation, and says our rising is no other than a resurrection; for the Prince inspires not against his father, but the Duke inspires against his son, using him most naturally, charitably, abominably, to put him from intercession of the crown; wherefore, as you be true men and obstinate subjects to the state, uncover your heads, and cast up your caps, and cry, "A Jerome—a Jerome!"

OMNES. A Jerome—a Jerome—a Jerome!—

*Enter JEROME and STILT.*

JER. Most noble countrymen! I cannot but condole in joy, and smile in tears, to see you assembled in my right; but this<sup>1</sup> is the lamentation, that I, poor prince, must make; who for my father's proclamation, am like for to lose my head, except you stand to me; for they are coming on, with bows, bills, and guns, against us; but if you be valiant, and stand to me lustily, all the earth shall roar, but we'll have victory.\*

*Enter with drum and colours, the DUKE OF PRUSSIA, HOFFMAN, LORICK, CAPTAIN to lead the drum, and a HERALD. The SOLDIERS*

<sup>1</sup> 4to. "these."

\* The studied misnomers and misappropriation of words throughout this scene, show considerable ingenuity; but the reader will hardly fail to perceive the source from which they were in all probability derived.

*march, and make a stand. All on JEROME'S side cast up their caps, and cry, "A Jerome!"*

PRUS. Upon those traitors, valiant gentlemen!

Let not that beast, the multitude, confront  
The majesty of me, their awful Duke,  
With garlick breath and their confusèd cries;—  
Strike their Typhœan body down to fire,  
That dare 'gainst us their sovereign conspire!

JER. Come, come, you shall have your hands full  
and enough! Come, where we have to do, stand  
to it, Stilt.

STILT. Stand to it? here's the father and the son  
will stand though all the rest fly away.

OLD STILT. I warrant you, prince, when the battle  
comes rejoining, my son and I will be invisible;  
an<sup>2</sup> they overcome us, I'll give you leave to say I  
have no pith in me; upon 'em, true prince, upon  
'em!

*An alarum [sounded], HOFFMAN kneels between  
the two armies.*

STILT. I thought 'twould come to that; I thought  
we should bring the false prince to his knees.

PRUS. What means my Dukedom's hope, to turn  
thus base?

Arise, and smite thy foes!

HOF.<sup>3</sup> I see them not,  
Most honour'd uncle; pity, I beseech,  
Those silly people, that offend as babes,  
Not understanding how they do offend;  
And suffer me, chief agent in this wrong,

1 4to. "on."

2 "an," i.e., if.

3 A most extraordinary error occurs here; in the old 4to. Hoffman is styled in the characters, through a great portion of the remainder of the play, "*Sarlois*," and mentioned in the text, Prince "*Charles*;" the only way to account for it, is, that the word *Sarlois* is mentioned in the text, a few lines previous; and the printer's eye caught the word, and mechanically adopted it. The name of Hoffman is restored only in the last act.

To plead their pardons with a peaceful tongue.

STILT. We scorn pardons, peace, and pity; we'll have a prince of our own chusing, Prince Jerome.

OLD STILT. Ay, ay, Prince Jerome, or nobody; be not obstacle, old duke, let not your own flesh and blood be inherited of your Dukedom, and a stranger displaced in his territory; for, an you do, we will take no comparison of you and your army, but fall upon you like temperance and lightning.

PRUS. Upon your peril, gentlemen, assail!

HOF. If any bosom meet the brunt of war,  
Mine shall be first oppos'd; these honest men,  
That rise in arms for my young cousin's right,  
Shall be protected, while Prince Otho stands.

JER. Why, see now, what a thing majesty is! Stilt, and the rest of my good people, my cousin Otho, looking but in the face of our excellence, cannot choose but take our part.

STILT. Nay, but trust him not, my lord, take heed of him! [be] aware, your enemies [are] at hand!

PRUS. Why should you make this intercession  
For these base abjects, whose presumptuous hearts,  
Have drawn their rebel bodies 'gainst their head?  
Intreat not for them, they are all but dead.

HOF. 'Forbear a little, worthy countrymen!

STILT. Nay, we deny that we are none of your countrymen; you are a vagrant,<sup>1</sup> an arrant alien!

OLD STILT. True, son, a mere peregrination, and one that was not born within our Duke's damnation;<sup>2</sup> and therefore, not to be remitted to any upstantial degree of office amongst us; that is the fine, that is the confusion of all.

HOF. But hear me!

JER. Ay, ay, pray hear him; nay, I charge you all, upon pain of death, that you hear my cousin.

STILT. Well, we will hear<sup>3</sup> him.—Come on, speak—what will you say?

1 4to. "arrant."

2 he means, dominion.

3 4to. reads "are."

HOF. Oh, I beseech you, save your lives and goods!  
For the Duke's squadrons, arm'd with wrath and death,

Watch but the signal when to seize on you,

That can no more withstand their approv'd strength,

Than sparrows can contend with tow'ring hawks,

Or [ ] 'gainst the eagle's eyerie<sup>1</sup>.

This act of yours, by gathering to a head,

Is treason capital; and ~~without grace~~,

Your lives are forfeit to extremest law.

OLD STILT. ~~Mass!~~ he says true, son; but what's the remedy?

STILT. None at all, father; now we are in, we must go through stitch.<sup>2</sup>

HOF. Yes, there is remedy; cast your weapons down,

And arm yourselves with mercy of your prince,

Who, like a gracious shepherd, ready stands

To take his lost sheep home with gentle hands.

As for your prince, I will for him entreat

That he may be restor'd again in love,

And unto offices of dignity,

As either sewer, taster [or], cupbearer,

The place himself thinks fittest for his state.

And, for my part, when that unhappy time

(*he weeps*)

Of princely Ferdinand's sad death shall come—

Which moment [long may righteous heav'n avert!]

But, should I, as I say, behold that hour,

Although I am elected for your Prince,

Yet would I not remove this gentleman,

But rather serve him as his counsellor.

1 Two Similies are undoubtedly intended here. The last is imperfect, owing to the omission of one of the objects to be compared. A Hiatus occurs in the line "Or 'gainst" in the old 4to. and two syllables are wanting to complete the metre. In all probability the manuscript was quite illegible in this place. The following substitution is offered:—

"Or *Vermin* 'gainst the Eagle's eyerie;"

which will sustain the strong contrast intended by the simile.

2 "stitch," i.e., completely through with it.



JER. Give me your hand of<sup>1</sup> that, cousin ; well said !  
 Now, get a pardon for me, and my merry men all,  
 and then let me be my father's taster ; being the  
 office belonging to his eldest son, I, being the same ;—  
 and then you shall see me behave myself—not as  
 a rebel, or a reprobate,—but as a most reasonable  
 prince, and sufficient subject.

STILT. Well, since my lord has said the word, bring  
 that he spake<sup>2</sup> of, to pass, and you shall have my  
 word too, and old Stilt, my father's ; being a man  
 of good reproach, I tell you, and condemnation in  
 his country.

OLD STILT. That I am, my lord. I have lived, in  
 name and shame, these threescore and seven  
 winters ; all my neighbours can bear me testa-  
 ment and accord.

HOF. (*to them*) Well, rest ye quiet.—  
 (*then kneeling to the DUKE*) Sov'reign! on my  
 knees

I beg your highness to grant their request.

• Suppose them silly, simple, yet<sup>3</sup> your own ;  
 To shed their blood were just, yet rigorous ;  
 The praise of kings, is to prove gracious.

PRUS. (*raises and embraces him*) True soul of honour!  
 substance of myself!

Thy merit wins their mercy. (*to them*) Go, in peace!  
 Lay by your unjust arms ; live by your sweat,  
 And in content, the bread of quiet eat.

OMNES. God save Duke Ferdinand !

(*Exeunt Rabble and Soldiers.*)

JER. Father, forgive me, prithee, and my man ;  
 And my man's father, by our single selves ;  
 For we have been the capital offenders.

OLD STILT. Ay, truly, my lord, we raised the  
 resurrection.

1 "of," i.e. on.—See the old dramatists, *passim*.

2 4to. "of spake he."

3 4to. "and."

PRUS. I pardon all!—(to JEROME) Give thee my taster's place;

(pointing to HOFFMAN) Honour this prince, that thus hath won you grace.

HERALD.<sup>1</sup> Oyez! Oyez! God save Duke Ferdinand, and Prince Otho!

JER. Ay, and me too.

OLD STILT. And Prince Jerome too!—Well, son, I'll leave thee a courtier still, and get me home to my own desolation, where I'll labour to compell away excessity; and so, fare ye well!

(Exit OLD STILT)

PRUS. This business over, worthy nephew Otho<sup>2</sup>,  
Let us go visit the sad Saxon Duke,  
The mourning hermit, [and poor prince Matthias]  
That through affection wrought his brother's fall.

HOF. I'll wait your highness to that house of woe,  
Where sad Mischance sits in a purple chair,  
And underneath her beetle cloudy brows  
Smiles at unlook'd-for mischiefs;—oh there  
Doth grief unpainted in true shape appear!

PRUS. Shrill trumpets, sound a flourish!—for the cries  
Of war are drown'd.

*A flourish of drums and trumpets, and then  
Exit DUKE OF PRUSSIA, with his train and  
SOLDIERS, &c.—As HOFFMAN is preparing to  
follow him, he is stopped by JEROME.*

JER. Nay, but cousin, cousin!—is it not necessary  
I wait upon my own father, and Stilt upon me?

HOF. 'Tis most expedient; be obsequious;—  
No doubt his excellence will like<sup>3</sup> that well.

*Enter LORICK disguised as a French doctor.*

LOR. Dieu vous garde, monsieur!

1 4to. omits this character—"O.S.Y.S."

2 4to. "Charles."

3 4to. "Life."

HOF. Welcome, my friend! has't any suit to me?

LOR. *Ah, oui', monsieur!* if you be de grand prince legitimate of Prussia, I have for *tendre* to your excellence de service of one poor *gentil-homme* of Champagne.

HOF. I am not he you look for, gentleman;—

(*pointing to JEROME*)

My cousin is the true and lawful prince.

JER. Ay, sir, I am the legitimate, and am able to entertain a gentleman, though I say it, an he be of any quality.

HOF. (*aside to LORICK*) Lorick, [e'en] now, or never, play thy part!

This act is e'en our tragedy's best heart!

LOR. (*aside to HOFFMAN*) Let me alone for plots and villainy;—

Only commend me to this fool the prince!

JER. I tell thee, I am the prince; my cousin knows it. That's my cousin, and this is Stilt my man.

LOR. *A votre service, monsieur*, most *genereux!*

HOF. (*to JEROME*) No doubt he is some cunning gentleman:—

Your grace may do a deed befitting you  
To entertain this stranger.

JER. It shall be done, cousin:—I'll talk with him a little, and follow you. Go, commend me to my father; tell him I am coming, and Stilt, and this stranger. Be mindful, cousin, as you will answer to my princely indignation.

HOF. Well, sir, I will be careful, never doubt.—

(*aside*) Now, scarlet<sup>2</sup> mistress, from thick sable clouds

Thrust forth thy blood-stain'd hands! applaud my plot,

1 4to. "Away."

2 He apostrophizes Nemesis, goddess of vengeance.

That giddy wand'ers may amazed stand,  
While death smites down suspectless Ferdinand !

(Exit HOFFMAN)

LOR.<sup>1</sup> Ay, begar, he be chosen against you ;—he gives you good word, so he doth ; but he will have one physic<sup>2</sup> or draught [for you], by gar,—for company in principality be no possible.

STILT. Sweet prince, I scarce understand this fellow well, but I like his conceit in not trusting Prince Otho ; you must give him the remove, that's flat.

JER. Well, I apprehend thee ;—I have a certain princely feeling in myself, that he loves me not.

STILT. Hold you there, my lord :—I am but a poor fellow, and have but a simple living left me ; yet, my brother, were he a very natural brother of my own, should he be adopted, I would dopt him, and herit him ; I'd fit him !

JER. Ay, but how, Stilt, but how ?

LOR. By gar, my lord, I will tell you fine knacks for make him kick up his heels and cry "Wee"—or by gar, I'll be hang ! and so shall I be too, for de Lady Isabella's sake, your most *tres excellente* lady moder.

JER. Did'st thou know her, French doctor ? did'st thou ?

STILT. Ay, as beggars do the ladies, that are their alms-givers.

LOR. By gar, you lie, like Jackanape ;—I loved de lady, with a *bon cœur* ;—and for her sake, here take dis same ; (*produces a phial*) put dis in de cup ; where de competitor, prince Otho, shall drink ;—by gar, it will poison him bravely !

STILT. That were excellent, my lord, an<sup>3</sup> it could be done, and nobody know on it.

1 4to. places the ensuing speech before this.

2 4to. "Fizgig or dra," perhaps "dram" should be read.

3 4to. "and."

JER. Ay, but he always drinks in my father's cup.

LOR. Ay, so, let it be! let de Duke drink a de same.

JER. What? poison my father?—no, I like not that so well!

LOR. You shall drink too, and he too, and when you be sick, (as you shall have a *petit* rumble in de belly,) den take a dis same (*produces a phial*) and give your fader dis; but your cousin none of it;—and by gar, nobody shall be dead, and kick, and cry “Oh,” but Otho!

STILT. That is excellent, master!

JER. (*showing the two phials*) This is the poison, then, and this the medicine?

LOR. Ay, dat be true!

JER. Well, physician<sup>1</sup>, attend in my chamber here, till Stilt and I return,—and if I pepper him not, say I am not worthy to be called a duke, but a draw-latch.

STILT. (*to LORICK*) Farewell<sup>2</sup> a wee and jebbit a vow!—an we speed by thy practice, we'll crush a cup of thine own country wine.

(*Exeunt STILT and JEROME*)

LOR. (*pulls off his disguise*) Go, speed to spoil yourselves. Doctor, lie there;

[And] Lorick, like thyself appear.—So now

I'll post unto the hermitage, and smile,

While silly fools act treason through my guile.

*Exit.*

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

<sup>1</sup> 4to. “Phistian.”

<sup>2</sup> This gibberish is probably an English adaptation of “Ah oui! je suis a vous.”—Stilt, ignorant of French, imitates the sounds he has heard spoken in that language.

## ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.<sup>1</sup>—*The interior of the chapel adjoining the hermitage of RODERICK—A monumental vault of black marble on one side—At the back a curtain, drawn before an oratory.*

*Enter the DUKE OF PRUSSIA and HOFFMAN.*

HOF. See, princely uncle, the black dormitory  
Where Austria and Prince Lodowick are laid  
On the cold bed of earth, where they must sleep  
Till earth, and air, and sea consume by fire.

PRUS. Their rest be peace, their rising glorious!

*He draws the curtain from before the oratory,  
and discovers the DUKE OF SAXONY, RODERICK,  
and MATTHIAS, kneeling before an altar.  
Tapers lighted.*

Sad mourners, give your partners leave to kneel,  
And make their offertory on this tomb  
That doth contain the honourablest earth  
That ever went upright in Germany.

SAX. Welcome, Duke Ferdinand! Come, come,—  
kneel, kneel!

Thus should each friend another's sorrow feel.

HOF. Is Lucibella in this monument?

ROD. No, she's recover'd from death's violence,  
But, through her wounds and grief, distract of sense.

HOF. Heav'n help her!—here she comes.

*Enter LUCIBELLA, mad.*

ROD. (to MATTHIAS) Kneel still, I pray.

1 4to. reads "Enter Ferdinand and Sarlois, open a curtaine: kneele Saxony, the Hermet and Mathias: tapers burning."

MAT. (*rising, drawing his sword, and offering to kill himself*) Oh me accurs'd! why live I this black day?

LUCI. (*preventing him*) Oh [oh], a sword! I pray you, kill me not,—

(For I am going to the river's side,  
To fetch white lilies and blue daffodils,  
To stick in Lod'wick's bosom, where it bled,  
And in mine own;—my true love is not dead.  
No, you're deceiv'd in him; my father is:  
Reason he should, he made me run away;  
And Lod'wick too, and you, Matthias, too.—  
Alack for woe! yet what's the remedy?  
“We must run all away, yet all must die.”  
'Tis so,—I wrought it in a sampler;  
'Twas heart in hand, and true love's knots and  
words;  
All true stitch, by my troth, the posy thus,—  
“No fight, dear love, but death shall sever us.”  
Neither<sup>1</sup> did that!—He lies here, does he not?

(*pointing to the vault*)

ROD. Yes, lovely madam; pray be patient!

LUCI. Ay, so I am; but, pray [you], tell me true,  
Could you be patient, or you, or you,

(*turning to the others*)

To lose a father, and a husband too?—  
Ye could? I cannot!—Open, door here, ho!—  
Tell Lodwick, Lucibell would speak with him!  
I've news from heav'n for him, he must not die;  
I've robb'd Prometheus of his moving fire;—  
Open the door!—I must come in, and will;—  
I'll beat myself to air, but I'll come in!

(*knocks violently at the entrance of the vault*)

1 4to. “Nor that did not neither.”

HOF. Alas, her tender hands, smiting the stone,  
Beweep their mistress' rage, in tears of blood!

PRUS. Fair lady, be of comfort; 'tis in vain  
To invoke the dead to life again.

SAX. Ay, gentle daughter, be content, I pray!  
Their fate is come, and ours is not far off.

MAT. Here is a hand over my fate hath power;  
And I should sink under the stroke of death,  
But that a purer spirit fills my breast,  
And guides me from the footsteps of despair.

HOF. A heav'nly motion, full of charity!—  
Yourself to kill yourself, were such a sin  
As most divines hold deadly.

LUCI. Ay, but a knave may kill one by a trick;—  
Or lay a plot, or so,—or cog<sup>1</sup>, or prate;  
Make strife, make a man's father hang him,  
Or his brother!—How think you, goodly prince,—  
(God give you joy of your adoption!)  
May not [such] tricks be us'd?

HOF. Alas, poor lady!

LUCI. Ay that is true, (*sings*) "*I'm poor, and yet  
have things,*

"*And gold rings, all amidst the leaves green—a!*"  
Lord, how d'ye?—Well, I thank God! Why, that's  
well!

And you, my lord, and you too!—ne'er a one  
weep?

Must I shed all the tears?—Well, he is gone.---

(*turning to the vault*)

And he dwells here, ye said? Ho, I'll dwell with  
him!---

Death,---dastard, devil—robber of my life,---  
Thou base adult'rer, that part'st man and wife,  
Come,---I defy thy darts!

PRUS.

O, sweet, forbear!---

<sup>1</sup> cog, i.e., wheedle, flatter.



For pity's sake, awhile her rage restrain,  
Lest she do violence upon herself.

LUCI. Oh, never fear me! there is somewhat cries  
Within me,<sup>1</sup> "No!"—tells me, there're knaves  
abroad;

Bids me be quiet, lay me down, and sleep.---  
Good night, good gentlefolks!--brother, your hand;  
And yours, good father; you're my father now.---  
Do but stand here,---I'll run a little course  
At base,<sup>2</sup> or barley-break,<sup>3</sup> or some such toy,  
To catch the fellow,<sup>4</sup> and come back again.---  
Nay, look you<sup>5</sup> now,---let go, or by my troth,

*(She struggles to get free from the others, who  
attempt to restrain her)*

I'll tell my Lod'wick how you use his love.  
So, now, good bye,---[so] now, good night, indeed!  
Lie further, Lod'wick, take not all the room;  
Be not a churl, thy Lucibell doth come.

*Exit LUCIBELL.*

SAX. Follow her, brother—follow, son Matthias;  
Be careful guardians of the troubled maid,  
While I confer with princely Ferdinand  
About an embassy to Austria,  
With true reports of these disast'rous haps.

MAT. Well, I will be her guardian and her guide;  
By me her senses have been weakenèd;  
But I'll contend, with charitable pain,  
To serve her, till they be restor'd again.

*Exit MATTHIAS.*

HOF. A virtuous, noble resolution.

1 4to. "menoe."

2 "base"—a rustic game known to school boys as "prisoner's base."

3 "barley-break," or "the last couple in hell," was a game played by six people, three of each sex, who were coupled by lot.—*Vide* Gifford's Notes on Massinger.

4 i.e., death.

5 4to. "thee."

PRUS. Worthy prince Rod'rick, when tempestuous  
 woe

Abates its violent storm, I shall have time  
 To chide you for unkindness, that have liv'd  
 In solitary life from us so long.

Believe me, Saxon prince, you did us wrong.

ROD. Would I might never live in a worse state !

For contemplation is the path to heaven ;--

My new conversing in the world has prov'd

Luckless and full of sorrow. Fare ye well !

Save<sup>1</sup> heav'n alone, all company seems hell !

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II<sup>2</sup>.—*The interior of the hermitage of*  
 RODERICK—*Discovered The DUKE OF PRUSSIA, the*  
 DUKE OF SAXONY, HOFFMAN, GUARDS, ATTENDANTS,  
 LORDS, &c.

PRUS. My nephew, call for wine ; my soul is dry ;

I'm sad at sight of so much misery !

HOF. Is the Duke's taster there ?

*Enter PRINCE JEROME<sup>2</sup> as cupbearer, with*  
*STILT, bearing wine, a napkin, &c.*

JER. I am at hand with my office.

HOF. (*to JEROME*) Fill for the Duke, good cousin :—  
 taste it first.

JER. (*aside to STILT*) I have no mind to't, Stilt, for  
 all my antidote !

<sup>1</sup> 4to. "my."

<sup>2</sup> I have found a change of scene absolutely necessary here, though not noticed in any way in the 4to. Guards, &c. are mentioned as being present, and the events which occur could not have taken place in the chapel.

<sup>3</sup> 4to. "Enter Jerome and Stilt with cup, towel, and wine," where there was a common cup the "towel" was necessary. This custom is still preserved at the sacramental service.

STILT. (*aside to JEROME*) I warrant you, master :---let Prince Otho drink next.

JER. (*to HOFFMAN*) Here, cousin, will you begin to my father?

HOF. I thank you kindly ; I'll not be so bold ;  
It is your office, fill unto my lord.

JEROME *takes the cup and jug from STILT ; fills, and drinks.*

JER. Well, God be with it, it is gone down ; and now, I'll send the medicine after. (*He takes a phial from his pocket and drinks*)---Father, pray drink to my cousin, for he is so mannerly<sup>1</sup>, that he'll not drink before you.

STILT. Pray you, do, my lord,---for Prince Otho is best worthy of all this company to drink of that cup. (*aside*) Which, an he do, I hope he shall never drink more !

PRUS. (*takes the cup and drinks*) Good fortune, after all this sorrow, Saxony !

SAX. Oh, worthy Ferdinand, ~~fortune and I~~  
Are parted; she has play'd the minion with me ;  
Turn'd all her favours into frowns ; in scorn  
Robb'd me of all my hopes, and in one hour  
O'erturn'd me from the top of her proud wheel.

PRUS. Build not<sup>2</sup> on fortune ;---she's a fickle dame,  
And those who trust unto her sphere are fools.  
Fill for his Excellence !

JER. Here, cousin, [is] for your excellence ;---pray drink you to the Duke of Saxony.

HOF. Not I, kind cousin, I list not to drink.

JER. God's lady ! I think, Stilt, we are all undone,  
for I feel a jumbling, worse and worse.

STILT. Oh, give the Duke some of the medicine !

1 4to. " See manner lyet hat."

2 4to. " on oue."

PRUS. What medicine talk'st thou of?---what ails my son?

JER. (*offers the phial*) O Lord, father, an ye mean to be a live man, take some of this!

PRUS. Why this is deadly poison, unprepar'd.<sup>1</sup>

JER. True,---but it was prepared for you and me by an excellent fellow, a French doctor.

STILT. Ay, he is one that had great care<sup>2</sup> of you.

PRUS. Villain, what was he?---Drink not, Saxony, I doubt I am by treason poisoned!

HOF. Heav'n keep that fortune from my dearest<sup>3</sup> lord!

*Enter LORICK, hastily.*

LOR. Treason, ye princes, treason to the lives

Of Ferdinand the Duke of Prussia [and]

My princely master Otho of Luneberg!

HOF. Who should intend us treason?

LOR. (*pointing to JEROME*) This fond prince!

JER. Never to you, father, but to my cousin Otho;---indeed, I meant to poison him, but I have peppered myself.

HOF. I never gave thee cause.

STILT. That is nothing to the purpose; but my lord took occasion by the counsel of a French doctor---

(DUKE OF PRUSSIA *faints*)

HOF. Physicians for the Duke,---my uncle faints!

(JEROME *faints*)

STILT. Surgeons for the prince,---my master falls!

PRUS. Call no physicians, for I feel too late

The subtle poison, mingling with my blood,

Numb all the passages, and nimble death

Fleets on his purple current to my heart.

JER. Father, I am dying too! Oh, now I depart!

Be good to Stilt my man; he was accessory to all this!

1 "unprepared," i.e., crude, raw.

2 4to. "cure."

3 4to. "dread."

STILT. Ay, truly was I, sir; therefore, I hope you will be good to me;---I helped to mingle the poison, as the French doctor and my master charged me.

PRUS. Where's<sup>1</sup> that French doctor?

HOF. What's become of him?

STILT. We left him in the court---in my master's chamber.

JER. Ay, sir, woe worth him!--farewell, Stilt! Father, farewell!

I ask your pardon, with repentant eyes.---

Fall, stars, Oh, Stilt! for thus thy master dies!

(JEROME *dies*)

PRUS. Take hence the traitor<sup>2</sup>, and the fool his man!

STILT. I pray, provide for me, sir!

PRUS. (*to GUARDS*) Let him be tortur'd;---then upon a wheel

Broke, like a traitor and a murderer!

STILT. Oh lord, sir! I meant you no hurt, but to Prince Otho.

HOF. Away!--disturb us not with idle talk.

STILT. Provide, quoth'a?---an you call this providing, pray let me provide for myself. Alas, my poor father! he'll creep upon crutches into his grave, when he hears his proper Stilt is cut off by the stumps<sup>3</sup>.

PRUS. Hence with that fellow!

(GUARD *seizes* STILT)

STILT. Pray [be] not so hasty;---you would scarce be so forward, an you were going, as I am, to the gallows.

*Exit* GUARD, *with* STILT.

HOF. How cheers my royal uncle?

PRUS. Like a ship,

That having long contended with the waves,

<sup>1</sup> 4to. "What's."

<sup>2</sup> 4to. "That maytor for."

<sup>3</sup> a wretched play on the words Stilt and stumps.

At last with one proud billow is smit [down]  
 Into the ruthless swallow of the sea.  
 For thee, alas, I perceive<sup>1</sup> this plot was laid !  
 But heav'n had greater mercy on thy youth,  
 And on my people, that shall find true rest,  
 Being with a prince so wise and virtuous bless'd.  
 Farewell, most noble John of Saxony !  
 Bear thy unmatched grief with a mind bent  
 Against the force of all temptations ;  
 By my example, princely brother, see  
 How vain our lives, and all our glories be !

(DUKE OF PRUSSIA *dies*)

SAX. God, for thy mercy ! treason upon treason !

HOFFMAN *throws himself on the DUKE's body.*

How now, young Otho, art thou poison'd too ?

HOF. Would God I were ! but my sad stars reserve  
 This simple building<sup>2</sup> for extremest ruin.

Oh, that French doctor !

LOR. Ay, that worst of hell !

No torment shall content us in his death.

SAX. Nay, soft and fair ;—let him be taken first.

*Enter RODERICK.*

How now, sad brother, are you come to see  
 The tragic end of worthy Ferdinand ?

ROD. I heard of it too soon, and came too late.

SAX. Well, brother, leave the Duke, and wait on me.

Mathias, and the heart-griev'd Lucibell,  
 Shall go with us to Wittenberg, and shun  
 This<sup>3</sup> fatal land, fill'd with destruction.

ROD. But Lucibella, like a chased hind,  
 Flies through the thickets, and neglects<sup>4</sup> the briars ;  
 After her, runs your princely son, Mathias,

1 4to. "perceive"—unmetrical. Qy? "see."

2 *i.e.*, his body.

3 4to. "that."

4 Neglects—*i.e.* is regardless of.

As much disturb'd,—though not so much distract,  
 Vowing to follow her, and, if he can,  
 Defend<sup>1</sup> her from despairing actions.

SAX. And we will follow them. Prince Otho, adieu;  
 Care goes with us, yet we leave grief with you.  
 Inter your uncle, punish traitors' crimes;  
 Look to your person, these are dang'rous times!

*Exeunt RODERICK and SAXONY.*

HOF. (*to LORDS*) Lords, take this body, bear it to  
 the court,  
 And all the way sound a sad heavy march,  
 Which you may truly keep;—  
 A mournful march indeed when kings are dead!  
 Go on afore,—I'll stay awhile and weep  
 My tributary tears, paid on the ground  
 Where my true joy, your prince my uncle, fell.  
 I'll follow, to drive from you all distress,  
 And comfort you, though I be comfortless.

*Exeunt all but LORICK and HOFFMAN.—Lords  
 and Attendants carrying the bodies of the  
 DUKE OF PRUSSIA and JEROME.—The band  
 plays a dead march.*

Art thou not plump'd<sup>2</sup> with laughter, my Lorick?

LOR. All this [*is*] excellent;—but, worthy lord,  
 There is an accident, this instant chanc'd,  
 Able to overthrow, in one poor hour,  
 As well your hopes as these assurances.

HOF. What is that, Lorick?—what can fortune do  
 That may divert my strain of policy?

LOR. You know all Prussia takes you for the son  
 Of beauteous Martha [*Duchess of Luneberg*].

HOF. Ay, they suppose me to be Otho, her son,  
 And son to that false duke whom I will kill,  
 Or curse my stars.

<sup>1</sup> Defend, *i.e.* hinder, restrain.

<sup>2</sup> plump'd—*i.e.*, cheeks puffed out.

LOR. His star<sup>1</sup> is sunk already,—death and he  
Have vow'd an endless league of amity.

HOF. Had I Briareus' hands, I'd strive with heaven,  
For executing wrath before the hour;—  
But wishes are in vain,—he's gone.

*Exeunt HOFFMAN and LORICK.*

SCENE III.—*A spacious vestibule in the palace of the DUKE OF PRUSSIA at Dantzic, with the grand staircase.*

*A flourish of drums and trumpets.*

<sup>2</sup>*Enter MARTHA, DUCHESS OF LUNEBERG, in mourning for her husband, the DUKE, just deceased—A mourning train of LORDS and LADIES—ATTENDANTS, with lights and torches, who kneel on the ground, and make a lane for the DUCHESS and her train to pass through, and ascend the staircase into the palace.*

DUCH. Our son is somewhat slack, as we conceive,  
By this delaying;—while our heart is fear'd,  
And our eyes dimm'd with expectation,  
As are the lights, of such as on the beach,  
With many a longing, yet with little proof,  
Stand waiting the return of those they love.

*Enter LORICK, and falls on his knees.*

A LORD. His Excellence, no-doubt, hath great affairs,  
But his familiar friend Lorick is come.

DUCH. Kneel not, Lorick;—I prithee, glad my heart  
With thy tongue's true report of my son Otho,  
Whom, since his princely father is deceas'd,  
I'm come from [Luneberg] oppress'd with grief,  
In person, to salute him for our Duke.

1 This information of the death of the Duke of Luneberg is abrupt and unexplanatory.

2 4to. reads "Enter as many as may be spared, with lights, and make a lane, while Martha, the Duchesse, like a mourner, with her train, passeth through."



LOR. Your mother-like affection, and high care,  
 His highness doth return, with duteous thanks;  
 Desiring pardon of your Excellence,  
 In that he did not first salute your Grace;---  
 But dismal accidents and bloody deeds,  
 Poisonings, treasons, so disturb this state,  
 And<sup>1</sup> grieve his gentle mind, since the late death  
 Of your right princely brother, Ferdinand,—  
 That, like the careful captain of a band,  
 He is compell'd to be the last in field;  
 Yet, he protests by me, and I for him,  
 That no soft rest shall enter his griev'd eyes,  
 Till he behold your presence, more desir'd,  
 Than the large empery<sup>2</sup> of the wide earth:—  
 Only, he prays, that you would take your rest,  
 For, in your soft content, his heart is bless'd.

DUCH. (*pointing to the staircase*) Spread me a carpet  
 on the humble earth;—

My hand shall be the pillow to my head,  
 This step my bolster, and this place my bed.

LOR. Your highness will take harm!

DUCH. Nay, never fear!  
 A heart with sorrow fill'd, sleeps anywhere.—  
 Will our son come to-night?

LOR. Madam, he will.

(ATTENDANTS *spread a carpet at the foot of  
 the staircase*)

DUCH. See our train lodg'd, and then, Lorick, attend,  
 For captain of the guard. (*to ATTENDANTS*) [Ye]  
 that wait on us,

Go all away; nobody stay with me;—

Except our son come, or we chance to call,

Trouble us not;—good night unto you all!

(*Taking a lighted candle from an ATTENDANT,  
 she sits down at the foot of the staircase,  
 opens a book, and reads*).---*Exeunt* LORICK,  
 ATTENDANTS, and all the DUCHESS'S train,  
 making obeisance.

1 4to. "chiefly this gentle mind."

2 4to. "empire"—unmetrical.

DUCH. (*reads*) "*Quo fugiat mortale genus? Nil denique tutum est;*

"*Crudelis nam mors omnia falce secat.*

"*Nil durum, nil non mortis penetrabile telis;*

"*Omnia vi demit mors violenta sua.*"<sup>1</sup>

'Tis true!--the wise, the fool, the rich, the poor,  
The fair, and the deform'd fall; their life turns air;  
The king and captain are in this alike:--

None hath freehold of life, but they are still

When death, heav'n's steward comes,--tenants at will!

I lay me down, (*raising her hands to heaven*) and  
rest in thee my trust!

If I wake never more till all flesh rise,

I sleep a happy sleep; sin, in me, dies.

(*she lies down and sleeps*)

*Enter* HOFFMAN and LORICK.

HOF. Art' sure she is asleep?

LOR. I cannot tell,

Be not too hasty!

HOF. She stirs not, she's fast.--

Sleep, sweet fair duchess, for thou sleep'st thy last!

Endymion's love, muffle in clouds thy face!

And all ye yellow tapers of the heaven,

(*Addressing the moon and stars which shine through the windows*)

Veil your clear brightness in Cimmerian mists<sup>2</sup>!

Let not one light my black deed beautify<sup>3</sup>,

For with one stroke virtue and honour die!--

And yet, we must not kill her in this kind;

Weapons draw blood;--blood shed will plainly  
prove

<sup>1</sup> These lines are not discoverable in any Latin classic poet, nor am I able to trace their origin from any other source. It has been suggested by a competent authority, that they bear the character of mediæval Latinity.

<sup>2</sup> 4to. "Clamerian msts."      <sup>3</sup> 4to. "beatiste."

The worthy duchess (worthless of this death)  
Was murder'd; and the guards are witnesses  
None enter'd but ourselves.

LOR. (*produces a napkin*) Then strangle her; here is  
a towel, sir.

HOF. Good: kneel and help;—compass her neck  
about.

Alas, poor lady, thou sleep'st here secure,  
And never dream'st of what thou shalt endure!

LOR. Nay, good my lord, despatch.

HOF. What, ruthless hind,  
Shall I wrong nature, that did ne'er compose  
One of her sex so perfect? prithee, stay.  
Suppose we kill her thus, about her neck,  
Circles of purple blood will change the hue  
Of this white porphyry; and the red lines,  
Mix'd with a deadly black, will tell the world  
She died by violence; then, 'twill be enquir'd,  
And we held ever hateful for the act.

LOR. (*produces a box*) Then, place beneath her  
nostrils this small box,

Containing such a powder as hath power,  
Being set on fire, to suffocate each sense,  
Without the sight of wound, or show of wrong.

HOF. That's excellent! fetch fire, or—do not—stay;  
The candle shall suffice; yet that burns dim,  
And drops its waxen tears, as if it mourn'd  
To be an agent in a deed so dark.

LOR. Will you confound yourself by dotage? Speak!—  
'Swords, I'll confound her, an we<sup>1</sup> linger thus!

HOF. Thou wert as good, and better, (note my words)  
Run unto the top of [some] dreadful scar,<sup>2</sup>  
And thence fall headlong on the under rocks;  
Or set thy breast against a cannon fir'd,  
When iron death flies thence on flaming wings;  
Or with thy shoulders, Atlas-like, attempt

1 4to. "she."

2 i.e., cliff.

To bear the ruins of a falling tower ;  
Or swim the ocean, or run quick to hell,  
(As dead assure thyself no better place)  
Than once look frowning on this angel's face !  
Confound her ?—Black confusion be my grave,  
Whisper one such word more, thou die'st, base  
slave !

LOR. I've done : I'll honour her, if you command.  
HOR. She stirs ! and when she wakes, observe me  
well,

Soothe up whate'er I say touching Prince Otho.

DUCH. (*making*) Prince Otho ! is our son come ?  
who's there---Lorick ?

LOR. What shall I answer her ?

DUCH. Who's that thou talk'st with ?

HOR. The most indebted servant to your grace,  
Of any creature underneath the moon.

DUCH. I prithee, friend, be brief : what is thy name ?

I know thee not ; what business hast thou here ?

Art thou a messenger come from our son ?

If so, acquaint us with the news thou bring'st.

HOR. I saw your highness's son, Lorick here knows,  
The last of any, living.

DUCH. Living ? heav'n help [me] !

I trust my son hath no commerce with death !

HOR. Your son, no doubt, is well,—in blessèd state.

DUCH. My heart is smitten through thy answer !—  
Lorick :—

Where is thy gracious lord ?

LOR. In heav'n, I hope !

HOR. True, madam, he did perish in the wreck,

When he came first by sea, from Lubeck haven.

DUCH. What false impostor, then, hath mock'd my  
care,

Abus'd my princely brother Ferdinand,

Gotten his dukedom in my dead son's name ?

HOR. I grant him an impostor, therein false ;

But when your highness hears the circumstance,

I know your wisdom and meek piety  
 Will judge him well deserving in your eyes.  
 DUCH. What can be said, now I have lost my son?  
 Or how can this base two-tongu'd hypocrite

(*pointing to LORICK*)

Excuse concealing of his master's death?  
 Unhappy Martha, in thine age undone,  
 Robb'd of a father, cheated of a son!

✓ HOR. Hear me with patience;—for that pity's sake  
 You show'd my captive body;—by the tears  
 You shed when my poor father, dragg'd to death,  
 Endurèd all [that] violence at their hands;  
 By all your mercies, pour'd on him and me,  
 That, like cool rain, somewhat allay'd the heat  
 Of our sad torments and red sufferings;  
 Hear me but speak, a little to repay  
 With gratitude the favours I receiv'd.

DUCH. Art thou the luckless son of that sad man,  
 [The] Lord of Bornholm, sometime Admiral?

HOR. I am his only son, whom you set free.  
 Therefore submissively I kneel, and crave  
 You would with patience hear your servant speak.  
 DUCH. Be brief; my swoll'n heart is at point to  
 break!

HOR. I stood upon the top of the high scarr,<sup>1</sup>  
 When I beheld the splitted ship let in  
 Devouring ruin, in the shape of waves.  
 Some got on rafts; but were as soon cast off  
 As they were seated; many strode the mast,  
 But the seas' working was so violent  
 That nothing could preserve them from their fury.  
 They died<sup>2</sup>, and were entombèd in the deep,  
 Except some two the surges wash'd ashore;  
 Prince Otho being one, who on Lorick's back  
 Hung with clasp'd hands that never could unfold.

1 Scarr, i.e. cliff.

2 4to. "did."

DUCH. Why, as well as Lorick<sup>1</sup>, doth he not live?  
 And how was he found clasp'd upon his back,  
 Except he had had life to fold his hands?

HOF. Madam, your highness errs in that conceit;  
 For men that die by drowning, in their death  
 Hold surely what they clasp, while they have  
 breath.

LOR. [Full] well, he held me, and [he] sunk me too.

HOF. I'll witness, when I had recover'd him<sup>2</sup>,  
 (The Prince's head being split against a rock,  
 Past all recovery,) Lorick, in desp'rate rage,  
 Sought sundry means to spoil his new-gain'd life,  
 Exclaiming for his master, cursing heaven  
 For being unjust to you, though not to him,  
 For robbing you of comfort in your son.—  
 "Oh, gracious lady!" said this griev'd man,  
 "Could I but work a means to calm<sup>3</sup> her grief,—  
 "Some reasonable course to keep black care  
 "From her white bosom, I were happy then!  
 "But knowing this, her heart will sink with woe,  
 "And I am rank'd with miserablest men!"

LOR. Ay, God's my witness, these were my laments,  
 Till Hoffman, being willing as myself,  
 Did, for his love for you that pitied him,  
 Take on him to be call'd by your son's name,—  
 Which now he must refuse,<sup>4</sup> except your Grace  
 Accept<sup>5</sup> his service in Prince Otho's place.

DUCH. If this that you protest be true, your care  
 Was like a long reprieve: the date worn out,  
 The execution of my woe is come,  
 And I must suffer it with patience.—  
 Where have you laid the body of my son?

HOF. Within the chapel of a hermitage,  
 Some half mile hence.

DUCH. I'll build me there a cell

1 4to. "as well as he Lorick."

2 i.e., Lorick.

3 4to. "cald me."

4 "refuse," i.e., renounce.

5 4to. "attemp."

Made like a tomb: till death, therein I'll dwell!  
 Yet for thy wrongs, young man, attend my words:  
 Since neither Ferdinand nor Luneberg<sup>1</sup>  
 Have any heirs to sway their several states,  
 I'll work what lies in me to make thee Duke;  
 And since thou art accepted for my son,  
Attempting it only to do me good,—  
I here adopt thee mine, christen thee Otho!  
 Mine eyes are now the font,—the water, tears,  
 That do baptize thee in thy borrow'd name.  
 HOR. I thank your highness, and of just heav'n crave  
 The ground I wrong you in may turn my grave!  
 DUCH. Lights to our chamber!—Now our fears are  
 past;  
 What we long doubted, is prov'd true at last.—  
 Attend us, son.

HOR. We'll wait upon your Grace.

*Exeunt DUCHESS and LORICK.*

Son?—This is somewhat!—this will blear<sup>2</sup> the  
 eyes  
 Of the rude vulgar; but this serves not me:  
 Dukedoms I will have; them my sword shall win  
 If any interposer cross my will.—  
 But, new-made mother, there's another fire  
 Burns in this liver,—lust, and hot desire,  
 Which you must quench!—must? ay, and shall!  
 I know  
 Women will like, however they say “No.”  
 And since my heart is knit unto her eyes,  
 If she, being sanctimonious, hate my suit  
 In love, this course I'll take; if she deny,  
 Force her! True, so!—“*Si non blanditiis, vi!*”  
*Exit.*

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

<sup>1</sup> 4to. “Saxony.”

<sup>2</sup> 4to. “beare.”

## ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—HOFFMAN'S *cave on the sea-coast.**Enter DUKE OF SAXONY, RODERICK, and MATHIAS, severally.*

MAT. Have you not found her yet?

SAX. Not I.

ROD. Not I.

MAT. Then, I believe, borne by her fits of rage,  
She ~~has~~ done violence to her bright form,<sup>1</sup>  
And fall'n upon the bosom of the Balt.<sup>2</sup>

SAX. What reason leads you to believe it, son?

MAT. I did perceive her, some half hour<sup>3</sup> since,  
Clamb'ring upon the steepness of the rock;  
But whether up or down, I could not guess,  
By reason of the distance.*Enter LUCIBELLA, with rich clothes.<sup>4</sup>*ROD. Stand aside, she comes; let her not 'scape us  
now!

SAX. What has she got---apparel? ay, and rich!

Poor soul, she, in her idle lunacy,  
Hath took it from some house, where 'twill be  
miss'd!MAT. Let's circle her about, lest, spying us,  
She run away with wonted nimbleness.—  
Fairest, well met!

1 4to. reads "fame"      2 i.e. Baltic Sea.

3 Hour spelt as a dissyllable, a common practice in former times.

4 i.e., the clothes of Otho, which she had found in the cave of Hoffman.



LUCI. (*to* MATHIAS) Well overtaken, sir !

SAX. (*to* LUCIBELLA, *pointing to the clothes*) What have you here ?

LUCI. (*saluting* SAXONY) And you too, heartily !

ROD. (*to* LUCIBELLA) I'm sure you know [me] !

LUCI. (*saluting* RODERICK) [Ay !]—why, that's well !

I like that,—that you are well, and you, and you !—  
Good bye !

(*Going*)

SAX. (*bringing her back*) Nay, nay, you must not go ; we'll hold you now.

LUCI. Why, that's well done !—Pray, come [and] see my house ;

I have a fine house now, and goodly knacks,<sup>1</sup>

(*shows the clothes*)

And gay apparel ; look here, this is brave !—

And two lean porters, starv'd for lack of meat !

Pray, let go mine arms !

(*Draws back the curtain and discovers the skeletons*)

Look, here they be !

OMNES. Oh, horrid sight !

LUCI. Nay, never start, I pray !—is it not like

I keep a princely house, when I have such

Fat porters at my gate ?

SAX. What should this mean ?—why, in this wood,

So thick, so solitary, and remote

From common road of men, should these hang thus ?

(*to* RODERICK) Brother, your hermitage is not far hence,—

When knew you any execution here ?

ROD. I ne'er knew any ; and these bones are green ;

This less anatomy hath not hung long ;—

The bigger, by the moss and dryness, seems

Of more continuance.

1 “knacks”—*i.e.*, “toys”—“knick knacks.”

MAT. What's on their heads?

LUCI. Why, golden crowns;—my porters shall be kings,

*(showing the clothes)*

And hide their barebones with these gay weeds!

SAX. I do remember, th' Admiral

Hoffman, that kept the island of Bornholme,

Was by the Duke of Prussia adjudg'd

To have his head sear'd with a burning crown,

And after made a bare anatomy,<sup>1</sup>

Which, by his son, was from the gallows stol'n.

LUCI. Ay, that same son of his! but, where livés he?

SAX. No doubt he doth possess some cave hard by.

LUCI. Come, go with me, I'll show you where he dwells;

Or somebody,—I know not who it is;

*(she sings)*

“ Here, look here!

“ Here is a way goes down!

“ Down, down, down,

“ Hey, down, down!”

*(she leads them to the cave)*

I sung that song while Lod'wick slept with me.

ROD. This is some cave;—let's boldly enter in,

And learn the mystery of that sad sight.—

Come, lady, guide us in, you know the way.

LUCI. True, that's the way,—you cannot miss the path;—

The way to death<sup>2</sup> and black destruction

Is the wide way.—Nobody's now at home;—

Or, tarry;—peradventure here comes some

Will tell you more.

*Enter DUCHESS OF LUNEBERG and LORICK.*

ROD.

Stand close; this is Lorick:

<sup>1</sup> i.e., skeleton.

<sup>2</sup> Vide St. Matthew vii. 13.

'I do not know the lady comes with him.

SAX. I've seen that countenance.

ROD. Stand close, I pray ;—  
My heart divines some strange and horrid act  
Will be reveal'd.

LUCI. Nay, that's most true ;—  
A fellow<sup>2</sup> with a red cap told me so,  
And bade me keep these clothes, and give them  
To a fair lady in a mourning gown.  
Let go my arms !—I will not run away.—  
I thank you ! Now, now, you shall see me stay :  
• By my troth I will---by my maidenhead I will !

DUCH. Lorick, return into the beaten path.  
I ask'd thee for a solitary plot,  
And thou hast brought me to the dismal'st grove  
That ever eye beheld ;—no wood-nymphs here  
Seek with their agile steps t' outstrip the roe ;  
Nor doth the sun suck from this<sup>3</sup> queachy<sup>4</sup> plot  
The rankness and the venom of the earth :  
It seems frequentless for the use of men ;—  
Some basilisks or pois'nous serpents den !

LOR. It is indeed an undelightful walk ;—  
But, if I do not err in my belief,  
I think the ground, the trees, the rocks, the springs,  
Have, since my princely master Otho's wreck,  
Appear'd more dismal than they did before,  
In memory of his untimeless fall ;  
For hereabout,—[ay] hereabout's the place  
Where his fair body lay deform'd by death ;—  
Here Hoffman's son and I embalm'd him,  
After we had concluded to deceive  
Your sacred person, and Duke Ferdinand,

1 *i.e.* I know not the lady who comes with him.

2 Lucibella means that she had seen an elf, or sprite. German as well as English goblins are generally depicted with red caps.—*Vide* Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*—Ballad of Lord Soulis.

3 4to. "the."

4 Queachy, *i.e.* "washy," marshy, crowded with osiers and flags.  
"Plot" for "Spot."

By causing Hoffman to assume his name.

SAX. 'Tis very strange!

LUCI. Nay, tarry; you shall hear  
All the knavery anon.

DUCH. And where's the chapel that you laid him  
in?

LOR. 'Tis an old chapel near the hermitage.

DUCH. But was the hermit at his burial?

LOR. No; Hoffman and I only digg'd the grave,  
Play'd priest and clerk, to keep his burial close.

ROD. Most admirable!

SAX. Nay, [I] pray you, peace!

DUCH. Alas, poor son, the soul of my delights!

Thou, in thy end, wert robb'd of fun'ral rites!

None sung thy requiem, no friend clos'd thine  
eyes,

Nor laid the hallow'd earth upon thy lips!

Thou wert not housell'd<sup>1</sup>, neither did the bells

Ring blessèd peals, nor toll thy fun'ral knell;—

Thou went'st to death as those that sink to hell!—

Where's the apparel that I bade him wear

Against the force of witches and their spells?

LOR. We buried it with him; it was his shroud;—

The desert woods no fitter means allow'd.

LUCI. I think he lies!

Now, by my troth, that gentleman smells knave!

DUCH. Swear one thing to me ere we leave this  
place;—

Whether young Hoffman did the most he might

To save my son?

LOR. By heav'n, it seems he did; but all was vain;

The flinty rocks had cut his tender skull,

And the rough water wash'd away his brain.

LUCI. (*advancing*) Liar, liar!—Lick-dish!

DUCH. How now, what woman's this? what men are  
these?

1 "Housell'd," i.e. the Sacrament was not administered to thee.

LUCI. A poor maiden, mistress, has a suit to you ;  
And 'tis a good suit, very good apparel.

(sings)

" *Lo, here I come, a wooing, my ding-ding!*

" *Lo, here we come, a suing my darling!*

" *Lo, here I come, a praying to bide—abide—a!"*

How do you, lady? well? I thank God! (*shows the clothes*) will you buy a bargain, pray?—'tis fine apparel.

DUCH. Run, my life's blood! comfort my troubled heart,

That trembles at the sight of this attire!—

Lorick, look on them;—know'st thou not these clothes,

Nor the distracted bringer?—prithee, speak!

LOR. Ah me accurs'd and damn'd! I know them both!

The bringer is the Austrian Lucibell.

LUCI. Ay, you say true, I am the very same.

LOR. Th' apparel was my lord's, your princely son's.

DUCH. This is not sea-wet:—if my son were drown'd,  
Then why, thus dry, is his apparel found?

LOR. Oh me, accurs'd! oh, miserable me!

Fall, heav'n, and hide my shame! gape, earth!  
rise sea!

Swallow, o'erwhelm me! wherefore should I live,  
The most perfidious wretch that ever breath'd,  
And base consentor to my dear lord's death?

LUCI. Nay, look you here; d'ye see these poor starv'd ghosts?

Can you tell whose they be?

DUCH. Alas, what are they? what are you, that  
~~seem~~

~~In civil habits to hide ruthless hearts?~~

Lorick, what are they?—What wilt thou attempt?

(LORICK draws and offers to kill himself)

Help, gentlemen, if you be gentlemen,  
And stay this fellow from despairing ill!

(SAXONY prevents LORICK from killing himself)

LOR. I was ordain'd unto perdition ;

[Oh], stay me not !——

For, when ye know the mischiefs I have done,  
(At least consented to, through coward fear,)  
You would not stop me, if I slipp'd<sup>1</sup> in quick  
To that black bottomless and ruthless gulf,  
Where everlasting sorrow, like link'd chains,  
Fetters the wretched in eternal night.

DUCH. What hast thou done ?

LUCI. Knavery, I warrant you !—Tell truth, and  
shame the devil, my boy ! do, and thou shalt have  
a fine thing, by and by.

SAX. I take your highness for that rev'rend duchess,  
Late wife unto the Duke of Luneberg ?<sup>2</sup>

DUCH. I am that wretched, childless widow, sir.

LOR. Princes, hear me, and I will briefly tell  
(to DUCHESS) How you came childless, [and] (to  
MATHIAS) you brotherless,——

(to LUCIBELLA) You husbandless, and fatherless ;  
all, all

I'll tell you ; having ended, act my fall !

MAT. Well, forward !

LOR. Be it so :

I have deserv'd the greatest cruelty ;  
To be kept living, when I long to die.

DUCH. I charge thee, setting by all circumstance,  
Thou utter what thou know'st ! my heart is steel,  
Nor can it suffer more than it doth feel.<sup>3</sup>

LOR. Then thus : Prince Otho and I 'scap'd the wreck,  
Came safe ashore to this accurs'd plot,  
Where we met Hoffman, who, upon yon tree  
Preserv'd his father's bare anatomy :

1 4to. "skipp'd."

2 4to. "Prussia."

3 i.e., feels at the present moment.

*(pointing to the skeleton of HOFFMAN'S father)*

The biggest of the two were those strong bones  
That acted mighty deeds.  
Hoffman, the son, full of revenge and hate  
'Gainst ev'ry hand that wrought his father's hurt,  
Yet gilded o'er his envy with fair shows,  
And entertain'd us with as friendly terms  
As falsehood could invent; and 'tis well known,  
Bitter deceit useth the sweetest speech.  
At length, he took advantage, bound my lord,  
And in a chain tied him to yonder rock;  
While, with a burning crown, he sear'd in twain  
The purple veins, strong sinews, art'ries, nerves,  
And ev'ry cartilage about the head;  
In which sad torment, the mild prince fell dead.

DUCH. Did Hoffman this, and thou conceal'd'st the deed?

LOR. Pardon my fear, dread madam!

DUCH. Well, go on;

I'm confident to hear all cruelty,  
And am resolv'd to act some, if no hand  
But mine will else attempt the murd'rer's end.

LOR. Be patient; you will find associates,  
For there are many murders more behind.

DUCH. What did he with the body of my son?

LOR. Buried the flesh:—the bones are they that hang  
Close by his father's.

DUCH. Let them hang awhile:  
Hope of revenge, in wrath, doth make me smile.

LUCI. Pray, let him tell the rest.

LOR. This acted, Hoffman forc'd me to conceal  
The murder of my lord; and threaten'd more  
Than death, by many torments, till I swore  
To call him Otho, and say he was your son.  
I swore, and kept my oath!

ROD. Oh, heav'n!

SAX. Oh, devil!

LUCI. Nay, I pray you, peace!

LOR. (to MATHIAS) Then sent he me for you ; and  
 you he sent,  
 Or, as I best remember, led you on  
 Unto the chapel-porch, where he himself  
 Appointed them<sup>1</sup> to stay ; and there, you know  
 What happen'd in your wrath.

LUCI. To me asleep,  
 And to my hapless Lodowick in my arms.

MAT. On, on !—

That deed is writ amongst the acts of guilt ;  
 A brother's sword, a brother's life-blood spilt !

SAX. Proceed ; what's next ? Kill'd he not Austria ?

LOR. He did.

LUCI. O, villain ! did he kill my father,  
 And make my brother<sup>2</sup> kill my husband too ?

SAX. Go forward !

LOR. After all those hated murders,  
 He taught the foolish prince,<sup>3</sup> in the disguise  
 Of a French doctor, to prepare a poison,  
 Which was the death of princely Ferdinand.  
 (to DUCHESS) Next plot, he purposèd your grace's  
 death ;

And,<sup>4</sup> had I not oppos'd my strength of tears,  
 You had been murder'd, as you lay asleep.

SAX. Let's hear no more : seek out the hated wretch,  
 And with due torture let his life be forc'd  
 From his despisèd body.

SAX. Do, I pray !  
 [Sure] all the land will help, and each man be  
 A justice in this act.

DUCH. Well, I that never knew Revenge's power,  
Have entertain'd her newly in my breast.  
Determine what's to do.

LUCI. E'en what you will !  
 Would I were with my Lodowick, asleep

1 i.e., Lodowick and Lucibella. 2 i.e. my intended brother.

3 i.e., "Jerome."

4 4to. "and had opposed my strength of my teares."



In the Elysian fields, where no fears dwell ;  
For earth appears as vile to me as hell.

LOB. Let me be Prologue to your scene of wrath ;  
And, as the Roman Catiline resolv'd<sup>1</sup>  
His doubtful followers, by exhausting blood  
From a live body, so draw mine ; cast mine  
Upon the troubled and offended earth ;  
Offer blood fit for an infernal sacrifice.  
Wine is not pour'd but on celestial offerings ;  
Therefore, I [do] advise you, as you hope  
To thrive in your revenge, smite me—  
That have been pander to this injury !

DUCH. Thou merit'st death indeed !

MAT. Stay, judge him not ;

Let me a little plead in his excuse ;  
And this one sentence serves ;—a man compell'd  
To evil acts, cannot be justly held

~~A wilful malefactor ; the law still  
Looks on the deed, and never on the will.~~

Besides, although I grant the matter small

<sup>2</sup>And very safe, to raise a multitude

That by their pow'r might seize the murderer,

Yet, two especial reasons cross that course ;—

First, many having notice of our plot,

One babbling tongue may utter our intent,

And Hoffman, being arm'd, is surely warn'd,

Having the fort and treasure in his pow'r ;

And, be his course more than notorious, ill,

He may with gold, maintain it at his will,

[And] 'scape us, for no doubt he's full of sleights.<sup>3</sup>

Besides, revenge should have proportion :

By sly deceit he acted ev'ry wrong,

And by deceit I would have him entrapp'd.

Then, the revenge were fit[ting], just, and square ;

And 'twould more vex him, that is all compos'd

<sup>1</sup> i.e., made resolute.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. " though I grant it would be easy to raise a multitude, &c."

<sup>3</sup> i.e., " tricks."

Of craft and subtlety, to be outstripp'd  
 In his own fashion, than a hundred deaths.  
 Therefore, by my advice, ~~pardon Lorick,~~  
 Upon condition, ~~that he lay some plot~~  
 To intercept the other.

OMNES. We're agreed!

LOR. Your mercy doth all bounds of hope exceed;  
 And, if you will repose that trust in me,  
 By all the protestations truth can make,  
 Before the sun hath run his mid-day's course,  
 I will to-morrow yield him to your hands.

SAX. Show us the means.

LOR. The means are in the Duchess' policy,  
 If she can smoothe the murd'rer<sup>1</sup> but awhile.

DUCH. I'll turn Deceit, to overthrow his fraud.

LOR. Then, with fair words, his flatt'ries entertain,

And when he doth importune you for love,  
 Desire him then<sup>2</sup> to show you the first place  
 Where he beheld Prince Otho, after th' wreck;  
 Say, you have earnestly entreated me,  
 But I have led you in a labyrinth  
 To no effect; he, full of heat and lust,  
 Glad of occasion, will, no doubt, alone  
 Conduct you to this fatal, horrid cave,  
 Thinking by force, or fair means, to attain  
 His false heart's longing, and your honour's stain:  
 But, being in the height of his base pride,  
 The Duke, the hermit, Matthias<sup>3</sup>, and myself  
 Will change his pleasures into wretched and  
 Redeemless misery.

SAX. The plot is good.—Madam, are you agreed?

DUCH. To anything, however desperate.

LUCI. Ay, but by your leave, lady, and lords all, what  
 if this knave, that hath been, play the knave still,  
 and tell tales out of school? how then?---

LOR. I know not what to swear by; but no soul

1 4to. "murder."

2 4to. "first."

3 4to. Lodwick.

Longs for the sight of endless happiness  
 With more desire than mine thirsts for his death.  
 By all those gods, that shall give ill men life,  
 I am resolv'd<sup>1</sup> chief agent in his end!

MAT. We credit thee.—Join hands, and ring him round.

Kneel; on his head lay our right hands, and swear  
 Vengeance 'gainst Hoffman!

*They all kneel, placing their hands on LORICK'S head, who kneels in the midst.*

OMNES. Vengeance! vengeance fall  
 On him, or sudden death upon us all!

SAX. Come, part; we to the cave,---  
 You to the court. Justice digs Murder's grave.

*Exeunt LORICK and DUCHESS.*

LUCI. Nay, I will come; my wits are mine agen<sup>2</sup>,  
 Now faith grows firm, to punish faithless men.\*

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The country near Dantzic, not far from the sea-coast.*

*Enter HOFFMAN (as DUKE OF PRUSSIA), and LORDS in attendance upon the DUCHESS.*

HOF. Not to be found? Hell! which way is she gone?

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* determined to become.

<sup>2</sup> an old form of "again."

\* I think the reader cannot fail to notice the great similarity between the character of Lucibella and that of Ophelia; a resemblance, particularly in the mad scene, too close to be the result of accident. It appears to me, hardly to admit of a doubt, that one formed a model for the other; but owing to the great uncertainty in fixing the dates of Shakespeare's plays, it is difficult to decide which was the original. It should be remembered, Shakespeare and Chettle wrote for rival houses. I think it due to the great dramatic skill of Chettle to observe, that while the character of Ophelia neither contributes to, nor advances the progress of the tragedy of which she forms so interesting a character, and is entirely episodic, Lucibella, in *her* fit of madness, is made the unconscious instrument by which the denouement of the tragedy is promoted: *i.e.*, by her discovery of Otho's garments in Hoffman's cave.

A LORD. Her highness charg'd us, to call you her son;  
The mystery we know not, but we know  
You are not Prince Otho of Luneberg.

HOF. No matter who I am ;—tell me the way  
She went with that Lorick. Speak, or by heaven,  
Hell shall receive you all !

A LORD. Be not enrag'd :—she comes ;  
And with her comes trusty Lorick.

*Enter DUCHESS and LORICK.*

HOF. Madam, I fear'd for you ; my heart was sick  
With doubt, some over-desp'rate accident  
Had drawn you to the melancholy paths  
That lie within the verge of this rough scar.

DUCH. Your doubt was but an embryo. I indeed  
Desir'd Lorick, to bring me to the place,  
Where you beheld the shipwreck of my son ;  
And he hath led me up and down the wood,  
But never brought me to the fatal beach.

HOF. It were not fit you should see the sad place,  
That still seems dismal, since the prince's death.

A LORD. Dead ? is our sovereign lord the prince,  
dead ?

DUCH. Enquire no more of that ; I will, anon,  
Resolve you of his fate ; this time, forbear.  
Esteem this gentleman, your lord and prince.

A LORD. We hold him so, sith<sup>1</sup> you command us so.

HOF. Will you go forward, madam ?

DUCH. Willingly,  
So you will promise me to walk to-morrow,  
And see the earth that gently did receive  
My son's wreck'd body from the churlish foam.

HOF. I'll wait upon your Grace.—Set forward there !  
(*aside*) Tricks and devices ! longings !—well, 'tis  
good ;—

I'll swim to my desires through seas of blood !

*Exeunt all except LORICK.*

1 "sith," an old form of "since."

LOR. Fox, you'll be taken!—hunter, you are fall'n  
Into the pit you digg'd! I laugh to see  
How I outstrip the prince of villainy.

Re-enter HOFFMAN *unperceived; he stands behind,*  
*and overhears LORICK.*

Hoffman, 'fore' me, told such a smoothing tale,  
 That had not this strange accident befall'n,  
 In finding of the cave, I had been held  
 More dear than ever in the Duchess' eyes;—  
 But now she'll hold me hard<sup>2</sup>, whate'er she say:  
 Yet is her word past that she'll pardon me;  
 And I've wealth hoarded up, which I will bear  
 To some strange place:—rich men live anywhere.  
 HOF. (*advancing*) What, are you gadding, sir?—  
 what moves your flight?  
 Coin not excuses in your crouching! Come!  
 What cause have you to fly, and seek strange  
 shores<sup>3</sup>

For your wealth gotten by my lib'ral gift?

LOR. And my desert, my lord!

HOF. Well, be it your desert:  
 But what's the cause you'll fly this country?

LOR. As

I live, my lord, I have no such intendments;  
 But, with your leave, I was debating things,  
 As, if it should chance thus—and thus—why, then,  
 'Twere better be far off; but otherwise,  
 My love and life low at your service lie.

HOF. You are a villain, damn'd as low as hell;—  
 A hypocrite, a fawning hypocrite!  
 I know thy heart. Come, spaniel, up, arise,  
 And think not with your antics and your lies  
 To go beyond me;—you have play'd the slave,  
 Betray'd me to the Duchess, told her all,  
 Disappointing all my hopes with your base tongue,

1 4to. "for."

2 i.e. "think ill of."

3 4to. "hoards."

O'erturn'd the height of my intendements,  
 For which I'll hurl thee from my mountain wrack!<sup>1</sup>  
 Into the lowest cavern of pale death!

LOR. Alas, my lord, forbear! let me be heard.

HOF. Thou hast betray'd me, therefore never talk.

LOR. By heav'n——

HOF. No<sup>2</sup>, hell!—why should'st thou think on heaven?

LOR. Stay, and believe me. Think you I am mad,  
 So great a foe to my own happy chance,  
 When things are sorted to so good an end  
 That all is hid, and we held in regard;—  
 After such horrid and perfidious acts,  
 Now to betray myself?—Be reasonable,  
 And think how shallow such an act would seem  
 In me, chief agent in so many ills.

HOF. Thou hast a tongue as glib and smooth to lie,<sup>3</sup>  
As full of false inventions and base fraud,  
As prone to circumvent believing souls,  
As ever heretic or traitor us'd;—  
 Whose speeches are as honey, their acts gall;—  
 Their words raise up, but their hands ruin all.

LOR. By virtue's glorious soul——

HOF. Blasphemer, peace! Swear not by that thou hat'st!

Virtue and thou have no more sympathy  
 Than day with night, heaven with hell.

Thou know'st I know thy villainies excel.

LOR. Why, then, by villainy, by blood, by sleights,  
 By all the horrors torture can present;—  
 By hell, and by Revenge's purple hand,  
 The Duchess had no conference with me,  
 But only a desire to see the place  
 That first receiv'd her son, whom she believes  
 The unrelenting waves and flinty rocks  
 Had sever'd from sweet life after the wreck!

1 "wrack," i.e. "wreck." 2 4to. "Oh."

3 4to. reads "lies."

HOF. May I believe thee?

LOR. Have I failed you yet?  
Measure my former acts, and you shall find  
My soul allied to yours, wholly estrang'd  
From all I ever lov'd.

HOF. No more ; have done !  
Thou'st won me to continue thee my friend.  
But, I can tell thee, somewhat troubles me ;  
Some dreadful misadventure my soul doubts ;  
And, I conceive it with no common thought,  
But a most potent apprehension ;  
For it confounds imaginary sense ;  
Sometimes inflames my blood, another while,  
Numbs all the currents that should comfort life,  
And I remain, as 'twere, a senseless stone.  
LOR. Come, come, I know the cause,—you are in love;  
And to be so, is to be anything.  
Do you not love the Duchess?

HOF. Yes, I do.

LOR. Why, there's the matter, then ; be rul'd by me.  
To-morrow morning, she desires to see  
The shore, that first receiv'd her sea-wreck'd son :  
And to be unaccompanied she loves,  
Except by<sup>1</sup> one or two, [as] you, or me.<sup>2</sup>  
Now, when you have her near your dismal cave,  
Force her ! ay, do't man, make no scruple, do't !  
Else, you shall never win her to your bed :  
Do a man's part, please her before she go ;  
Or, if you see that she turns violent,  
Shut her perpetual pris'ner in that den ;  
Make her a Philomel ; prove Tereus ;—  
Do't, never fear it !

HOF. Why, she will be miss'd.

LOR. By whom ? by fools, gross, dull, thick sighted  
fools,  
Whom ev'ry mist can blind. I'll sway them all,

1 4to. "some."

2 4to. "and I."

With exclamation, that the grievèd duchess,  
 When she beheld the sea that drown'd her son,  
 Stood for a while, like weeping Niobe,  
 As if she had been stone; and, when we striv'd  
 With mild persuasion, to make less her woe,  
 She, madder than the wife of Athamas,  
 Leap'd suddenly into the troubled sea,  
 Whose surges, greedy of so rich a prey,  
 Swallow'd her up, while we in vain exclaim'd  
 'Gainst heav'n, and hell, 'gainst fortune, and her  
 fate.

HOF. Oh, my good villain, how I hug thy plots!  
 This shall be done; she's mine!—Run swift, slow  
 hours,

Make a short night, hasten on day apace!

Rough arms wax soft, soft beauty to embrace!

LOR. Why, so, [then] now your fear will quickly end.

HOF. Thou wilt not talk of this?

LOR. Will I be hang'd?

Ne'er take me for a blab, you'll find me none.

HOF. I have another secret, but——

LOR. Come, what

Is't?—Come, this breast is yours, my heart's your  
 treasury.

HOF. Thou must be secret; 'tis a thing of weight,  
 Concerns thee near.

LOR. Were it as near as life,

Come, pray [you] speak!

HOF. Hark, in thine ear!

Be privy to this purpose: wilt thou swear?

LOR. What, to be secret? if th' least jot I tell,

Let all my hopes sink suddenly to hell!

HOFFMAN, *coming close to LORICK, and pre-  
 tending to whisper in his ear, suddenly  
 draws a dagger, and stabs him.*

HOF. Thou hast thy wish; down, villain, keep this  
 close!

LOR. Unthankful murderer! is this my meed?—



Oh, slave! thou'st kill'd thy heart, in wounding  
mine;—

This is my day, to-morrow shall be thine!

*LORICK falls insensible.*

HOF. Go, fool! now thou art dead, I need not fear.

Yet, as thou wert my servant, just and true,  
I'll hide thee in the ditch;—give dogs their due!

He, that will prove a mercenary slave  
To murder—seldom finds so good a grave.

*(He casts the body of LORICK into a ditch)*

He's gone! I now can spare him;—Lorick, fare-  
well;

Commend me to our friends thou meet'st in hell!  
Next plot [we] for Mathias, and old Sax'ny;  
Their ends shall finish our black tragedy.

*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The exterior of the cave of HOFFMAN,  
as before.*

*Enter the DUKE OF SAXONY and MATHIAS.*

SAX. How little care had we to let her 'scape;—

Especially, in this so needful time,  
When we are vow'd to wait upon revenge.

MAT. No doubt, my uncle's care will keep her safe;  
Nor, is she in her fits so violent,

As she was wont.—Look, where my uncle comes,  
Sustaining with one hand a dying man,

And, on the other side, fair Lucibell  
Supports his fainting body.

*Enter RODERICK, and LUCIBELLA, leading  
LORICK wounded and feeble.*

LUCI. Look you here! you marvelled why I went;—  
why, this man drew me unto him: can you help  
him now?—Hoffman has houghed him too.

SAX. Brother, who is't you bring thus ashy pale?  
Is't not Lorick?—

LOR. I am ;---and 'tis in vain  
To strive for longer hope ;---I can' do nought.  
Be only provident :---I greatly fear  
This murd'rous traitor, out of mere suspect,  
Will plot some stratagem against the life  
Of the chaste Duchess ; help her, what you can,  
Against the violence of that wicked man.

ROD. Hast thou not told him what we do intend ?

LOR. No, as heav'n help me in my wretched end !  
Be confident of that ;---now,---I must fall  
Never again to rise :---you know your<sup>2</sup> wrongs,---  
Be careful, princes, to revenge them all.

(LORICK *falls and dies*)

LUCI. Well, farewell, fellow ;---thou art now paid home,  
For all thy counselling in knavery.

Good Lord, what very fools are very knaves !  
Their cunning bodies often want due graves.

SAX. Son, daughter, brother,---follow my advice :  
Let us no longer keep this hateful plot,  
Lest we be circumvented.

ROD. True ; 'tis to put out<sup>3</sup> open arms.

MAT. 'Tis now too late ;---we are beset  
With soldiers ; we must fight ;---since it must be,  
Let's [draw our swords,] and to it valiantly.

*Enter LORDS and SOLDIERS belonging to the  
DUCHESS.*

A LORD. Princes, prepare not to resist your foes ;  
We are as firm, as life, unto your blood.  
The Duchess Martha greets old Saxony,  
Prince Mathias, Rod'rick, and fair Lucibell.  
To me she hath discover'd the damn'd plots

1 4to. "I cannot."

2 4to. "his."

3 i.e. to be exposed to an attack while defenceless. 4to. "on."

Of that perfidious Hoffman, and hath sent  
These armèd soldiers to attend on you.

SAX. We thank her Highness, but we think, in vain<sup>1</sup>  
Both you and we attend; Lorick lies slain  
By Hoffman's sly suspicion: it were best  
We join to apprehend him, publicly.

A LORD. There is no need;—  
Our duchess hath apparellèd her speech  
In a green liv'ry; she salutes him fair,  
But her heart, like his actions, is attir'd  
In red and blue and sable ornaments.

SAX. But, tell us where they are?<sup>2</sup>

A LORD. At hand, she comes;—'gainst him alone  
she plots;<sup>3</sup>

And comes, in happy time, for all your good.

MAT. Cease words, use deeds; revenge draws nigh.

*The DUKE OF SAXONY places the body of LORICK  
in a standing posture at the mouth of the cave.*

SAX. Come, set

His body like a scarecrow: (*addressing the by-  
standers*) this bush shroud you,—

This you;—stand close, true soldiers, for revenge!

LUCI. Ay, do, do, I pray you heartily, do; stand  
close!

*(They hide behind the bushes)*

*Enter HOFFMAN and DUCHESS.*

HOF. I wonder much, why you ask me for Lôrîck.

What is Lôrîck to you, or what to me?

I tell you, he is damn'd; enquire no more;

His name is hatefuller [to me] than death.

DUCH. [Oh] heav'n! what alteration is this?

Can I believe you love me, as you swore,

When you are so inconstant to your friend?

HOF. He is no friend of mine, whom you affect.—

1 i.e., that we await Hoffman in vain.

2 i.e. where the Duchess and Hoffman now are.

3 4to. "with him alone her plot is."

Pardon me, Madam, such a fury reigns  
Over my boiling blood, that I envÿ  
Any, on whom you cast an am'rous eye.

DUCH. What, grown so loving? Marry, heav'n  
defend!

We shall deceive you, if you dote on us ;  
For, I have sworn, to lead a widow's life,  
And never more be term'd a married wife.

HOF. Ay, but you must.

DUCH. Must!—use not force, I pray.

HOF. Yield to my love, and then, with meekest  
words,

And the most humble actions, I'll entreat  
Your sacred beauty. Deny me,—I will  
Turn fire, more wild than wrath. Come, then, agree!  
If not to marry, yet in unseen sports,  
To quench these lawless<sup>1</sup> heats that burn in me.

DUCH. What, my adopted son become my lover,  
And make a wanton minion of his mother?  
Now, fie upon you, fie!—you're too obscene,  
If like your words, your thoughts appear unclean.

HOF. By heav'n, I do not jest ; go to, believe me ;—  
'Tis well you laugh ; smile on, (*aside*) I like this—  
Say, will you yield?

DUCH. [Oh] at the first? fie, no,—  
That were an abject course ; but, let us walk  
Into some covert, where are pretty caves,  
Lucky to lover's suits ; for, Virgil sings,  
That Dido, being driven by a sharp storm,  
Into a Libyan cave, was there entic'd  
By silver-tongu'd Æneas to affect ;  
And, should you serve me so, I were undone,  
Disgrac'd in Germany by ev'ry boor,<sup>2</sup>  
Who in their rhymes would jest at Martha's name,  
Calling her minion to her coz'ning<sup>3</sup> son.

HOF. Fairer than Dido, or Love's am'rous queen!—

<sup>1</sup> i.e., that are uncontrollable.

<sup>2</sup> from German "bauer," a peasant.

<sup>3</sup> 4to. reads "cozen."

I know a cave, wherein the bright day's eyes  
Look'd never but askance through a small creek,  
Or little cranny of the fretted<sup>1</sup> scar;<sup>2</sup>  
There have I sometime liv'd; there are fit seats,  
To sit, and chat, and coll,<sup>3</sup> and kiss, and steal  
Love's hidden pleasures. Come, are you dispos'd  
To venture entrance? if you be, essay;  
'Tis death to quick desire to use delay.

DUCH. Virtue and modesty bid me say, no:

Yet, trust me, Hoffman, thou'rt so sweet a man,

And so belov'd of me, that I must go.

**HOF.** I'm crown'd the king of pleasure!

DUCH. (*aside*)                      Hateful slave,

Thou go'st to meet destruction in thy cave!

*As they are about to enter he sees the body of*  
LOBICK.

HOF. 'Sdeath! who stands here? what's that?—

Lorick's pale ghost? I am amaz'd! —

*The DUCHESS gets behind him, and takes his sword from its scabbard.*

DUCH.

<sup>4</sup> Nav. slave.

Stand off, thy weapon's sure!—The prize is ours!

Come forth, dear friends, the murd'rer's<sup>5</sup> in our  
pow'rs!

*They all come forward from behind the bushes.*

**SAX.** Yield thee, base son of shame!

HOF. ~~How now? what's here? am I betray'd~~

By dotage? by the falsehood of a face?

1 "fretted scarr" means rock or cliff, as we should say "honey-combed," or perforated with holes. In heraldry "fretted" means bars interlacing one another, lozengewise.—*Vide* "Clarke's Heraldic Dictionary."

2 *Vide* Richardson's Dictionary, where, singularly enough, this very passage from "Hoffman, 1631," is quoted.

3 "coll," i.e., embrace.

4 4to. gives this speech to Hoffman, as a continuation, instead of to the Duchess.

5 4to. "murder."

Oh, wretched fool, fall'n by a woman's hand  
From high Revenge's sphere, the bliss of souls!  
 SAX. Cut out the murd'rer's tongue!

*The ATTENDANTS seize and bind HOFFMAN to the rock.*

HOF. What do you mean?  
 Whom have I murder'd? wherefore bind you me?  
 DUCH. They're justices, to punish thy foul crimes.<sup>1</sup>  
 Look with thy blood-shot<sup>2</sup> eyes on these bare bones,  
*(pointing to the skeletons)*

And tell me that which dead Lorick confess'd.  
 Who's that, *(pointing to the skeleton of his father)*  
 thou villain? and that least? *(pointing to that of OTHO)* who was't?—

HOF. Why, Otho, thy son, and that's my father by him.

DUCH. Oh, merciless, and cruel murderer,  
 To leave me childless!

LUCI. And me husbandless!  
 MAT. Me brotherless!—Oh smooth tongued hypocrite—

How thou did'st draw me to my brother's death!

SAX. Talk no more to him! he seeks dignity;  
 Reason he should receive his desp'rate hire,  
 And wear his crown, made flaming hot with fire!  
Bring forth the burning crown, there!

*Enter a LORD, with the iron crown, made red hot.*  
*The ATTENDANTS force it on the head of HOFFMAN.*

HOF. *(to SAXONY)* Do, old dog!—thou help'd'st to worry my dead father,  
 And must thou kill me too? 'tis well! 'tis fit!—  
 I, who had sworn unto my father's soul,  
 To be reveng'd on Austria, Saxony,  
 Prussia, [and] Luneberg, and all their heirs,  
 Had prosper'd in the downfall of some five,

1 4to. reads "bare bones" in this, as well as the following line.

2 4to. "bloodshed."

